

Esquire

JULY 1974
PRICE \$1

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**How
Madison
Avenue
Breaks
Your Heart**

GIVE FOR
MENTAL
HEALTH!

HELP
HEART
DISEASE!

Cough up
for
Cancer!

SUPPORT
KIDNEY
RESEARCH!

Don't Forget
Arthritis!

**The political
revenge of
Elliot Richardson**

**The People
vs. Aristotle Onassis**

1 "My secrets of a successful car pool – free."

"Shell asked me to write this free booklet to help you handle 14 of the biggest car pool problems – and 6 smaller ones."



"Here are some of the subjects. How to organize a car pool. How to keep it running smoothly. What to do with chain smokers, goatees, fresh-air fiends. And how to cure chronic late-comers."

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"But it wasn't long before I realized you'd soon forget the money if you weren't enjoying the ride."

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"It's yours for the asking. (Sorry, one to a customer.) Send a postal card to Shell Oil Company, Dept. CP-9A, P.O. Box 53483, Houston, Texas 77053."

—Herman Smith,
Shell Representative,
Consumer Relations

2 "The weather here can be freezing and miserable in the winter, but there's oil here."

—Toby Michelson, Shell Foreman

"This is Shell's Platform A in Cook Inlet, Alaska. We're not complaining. Getting oil is no cinch anywhere. Besides, we've learned a healthy respect for this rugged land, and try to protect it."

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"It costs more money, but thanks to the added push of the water, we're able to get more oil."



3 "Shell cooked up this simple test to show why you get better gasoline mileage with radial tires."

—John Thomas, Shell Tire Engineer

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Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
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A taste no plain white filter can match.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health**

King Size 21 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
100 mm 21 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March '84

Tareyton is better. Charcoal is why.
Tareyton is activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

King Sun 21 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine
100 mg 21 mg "tar", 1.6 mg nicotine-av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 24

[illegible]

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And go from one bottle to almost five a month in a few short years? That's what Paspout did. Probably because Scotch drinkers (they tell us) get a little more Scotch taste for their money. And probably because they pay a little less money to get it. No wonder they're drinking it up in 94 countries all around the world. And Paspout's doing what you thought only rabbits did.

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†† Statistical significance: ** indicates significant difference between control and treated groups at $p < 0.01$.

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by SHEAFFER

NO CARTRIDGE, NO BATTERY, A GENUINE CLASSIC

ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

Some changes in the billing,
and the nature of this page

For over twenty years this particular variety of the economist's literary content has been called *Publisher's Page*, for no better or other reason than that publisher happened to be my title at the time (Would you believe, we once had two publishers for this one magazine, and neither of them had a page.) Before that, it had another heading. But before that, it had no name of any kind.

In the beginning, I dropped it around, and later tucked it under the Table of Contents. It got squeezed out from under there by the growth of the masthead, that portion of the page devoted to the listing of people and their titles. Established in a phase of its own, the page seemed to need a title, if only for purposes of identification. Since it was no longer on the contents page, it was deemed more orderly to list it there, just in case anybody should look for it. (My mother, for example.) So we called it *Editorial*, chiefly because it wasn't. What it was, usually, was a kind of combined news corner, bulletin board and message center, a convenient place for corrections and apologies for mistakes we made or shortcomings we offended, and also a catchall for announcements and endorsements of all sorts—changes we were making and causes or activities we desired coverage of, an agenda and request. When there were no corporate concerns to grapple the space, I used it shamelessly to plug my own pet enthusiasms, from authors and filmmakers to blades and fishing and what all not, even gals' models and other gals. I still do. That's why whatever heading it may have is as lively as not an economist.

This month, for instance, it would normally be devoted to an account of our annual *Economist* in the Arts Awards competition, which we have for the past six years sponsored with the Business Committee for the Arts. But this year, because of an extension of the deadline for entries necessitated by that contest's growth, results will not be known in time for the customary announcement in the July issue, and it will have to be held over for August.

So let me fan, because it gives the space to let me say a few words, at an appropriate time, about *Sam Peiper*.

The same year I became publisher, which I put me to writing was the twenty and long-ago year of the

first and better of the two Eisenhower-Stevenson election campaigns (1952-Sam Peiper came near here, as a very young man, from *Boys' Life*, to take charge of our promotion activities. And take charge is the exact expression, too, because before that I don't think any of us had ever had a more than rudimentary notion of all that the broad spectrum of sales-promotion activities could comprehend. From then on, through a succession of other shuffling opportunities throughout the magazine-advertising side of the magazine—up to and including advertising, that veritable warhead of every commercial publication enterprise—he brought the same added dimension of application and accomplishment to every assignment he undertook. This is the kind of over-reaching that can only be accounted for to a champion degree of eloquence, and devotion to a job, and he gave it to every level and just above his firing, over the course of more than twenty years, in the kind of men-of-the-hour game that keeps altering the rule-setting with the change in conditions and circumstances experienced by virtually all growing organizations. There's always plenty of room at the top in every branch of every firm, for that sort of energy and resourcefulness, and his obvious recognition as a virtually self-completing. That's why, speaking of pet enthusiasms, it's such a personal pleasure for me to be able to use part of this page to convey my congratulations to Sam Peiper on becoming publisher of the magazine, a well-earned and deservedly happy distinction of which note is taken for the first time in the partly revised masthead on page 3 of this issue.

And that's why my page is now once again simply my page, which of course is all it's ever been, no matter what it has been called. The temptation is great to invoke its original nomenclature, but I realize that this is no longer practical, the evocation of classification and identity of features peculiarly unhelpful.

To repeat in the page's initial purpose of pointing out things of interest about the Table of Contents, I note that in this month's *Teil Said* piece on Eliot Richardson, on page 74, this magazine again harbors the suggestion that the Presidency which once might be better understood to a (Continued on page 33)

WITH BACARDI BOTTLES, THE NAME IS A TRADEMARK. BACARDI AND THE BACARDI LOGO ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI COMPANY.



What? Sip Bacardi before you mix it?

Sure. And what a pleasant surprise you're in for.

You'll see what Bacardi rum tastes like all by itself—very mild flavor, dry (which means not sweet), and delightfully smooth.

That's why a lot of people prefer their

Bacardi *unmixed*—right out of the bottle over ice cubes.

It makes sense.

If Bacardi didn't taste good *unmixed* how could it taste good *mixed*?

Try it.

Get to know the light taste of BACARDI rum. The mixable one.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Appreciative audience

Robert Alan Aurthur's taste as film developer and *Requiem for a Dream* (May) is undoubtedly the most intelligent and perceptive definition of the actor's craft that I have ever read. Two days time (not enough) in studio workshops, and skilled actors who know their way around cameras of experience beyond the written word; none ever said it as well. My deep appreciation for Aurthur's appreciation of Sorensen's pain, skill and art.

Requiem for a Dream
Hermann Beach, Chalf

Legal appreciation

I don't agree with a number of the changes in Dwight Macdonald's *Defining the Constitution of the United States* (May). First of all, a parliamentary form of government is not the answer to everything. The French Government of 1946-56 was a joke, and the joke went around that the third French Government wouldn't have to pay money to co-presidents for their unpaid vacations time, because none of them were around long enough to accumulate any vacation time. The British sometimes had the opposite problem. The British had the greatest Lloyd George and kept him in office for six years, including four years after the war. It also produced a Stanley Baldwin and a Neville Chamberlain and kept them around for a long time.

The plan to extend the term of Congressmen to four years will make it more difficult to throw the rascals out and get good men in. Under the present system, a good Congressman who is re-elected out of his seat can try to get back into Congress after two years. The two-year term never stopped Congressmen like John McConnaughy, Emanuel Celler, Howard Smith, and William Miller from acquiring long tenures in Congress. In fact, we should do the opposite of what Mr. Macdonald proposes: The term of a Senator should be reduced to four years.

We would make the President more responsible to the electorate by reducing his term to two years. The two-year term might have gotten rid of Roosevelt in 1936 and Johnson in 1966. Obviously, it would be much easier to get rid of Nixon if he were up for reelection this year.

Richard L. Bach
Riverside, Me

Dwight Macdonald, in his 1968 Constitutional draft (revised).

A Square July

through our elected King ("President") set with the dirty wash water. The author and fellow liberal Democrats must regret it in 1970, when they have a chance to elect their own King, when it is to make their dreams live outside their troubled skulls. Macdonald basically decries the popular mind in politics, world franchisee politicians and the Church attack in America, and waits a long for his King. The old law should be honest and admit it. Edward J. Shaine
Springfield, Va.

Chairs

Richard Selzer's *The Drinking Men's River* in the April *Esquire* is the best thing I've read in some time. What a sense of humor!

"Gentlemen, raise your glasses!" He said, raise them for Richard Selzer. A. E. Heckman
San Jose, Calif.

The great chili controversy

Re *A Few Words with the World's Greatest Chili Maker*, April *Esquire*: The ingredients shown in the associated photo prove the author is a gourmet sloppy Joe, not chili. Moreover, I am the world's greatest chili cook. Dave Winston
Center of "Burt's Best Bites" chili
Spring, Tex.

I am passing the chili recipe (April) on to Rita Chalk (Chalk), the World's Fastest Cooking Teacher, so that she can shorten the cooking time in fifteen minutes, but I have a question I wish you would have Mr. GCM, the gentleman holding the chili title, clarify: When he speaks of using twelve cloves of garlic (one clove an affinity for the number twelve in his choice of quantities—do you think there is some cosmological significance here to do with mathematics?), does he mean twelve whole cloves or twelve teaspoons? The former might explain why he doesn't bother with onions.

Jane Schwenger
New York, N.Y.

The GCM recipe! What an f. a philosopher!

Bad advice

Re *Don't Be A Fool in Core Course* For Examiners, April: The piece was very nicely produced. There's just one little thing, the advice was bad. The hand in the photograph looked like the hand of every beginner who

never really gets any good at rolling a coin and he faces the fact that he's got to bend his fingers—make a suit of half fat—for the coin to really fly. It's the essential reality of a very nice's life. C. L. MacNally
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

While on track

Order *Cosmo's On the Rape of Black Children* (March) is a stimulating analysis. I would, however, like to correct one impression he may have given. When I spoke with Mr. Cosmo last September, I understood that he was writing a piece on violence in the schools as part of an issue focusing on violence in our society. All that changed, so while I am quoted accurately, I am quoted far out of context.

Because of the new context, my statements might lead some readers to believe that the violence in New York City's schools is principally the work of black children. It isn't. Nearly all the more serious incidents are committed by adult intruders, not students. And while students in ghetto schools are more likely to be involved—both as perpetrators and as victims—in an incident which brings in the police, black children are no more violence prone than the remainder of the city's school population, which is now thirty-seven percent black, twenty-three percent Puerto Rican, and thirty-four percent non-Puerto Rican white.

Ned Hopkins
Assistant to the President,
United Federation of Teachers
New York, N.Y.

By the time you receive this letter, I hope the Eastern High School teacher who allegedly made the remarks awarded to her in your article *On the Rape of Black Children* has been separated from our school. If true, the words indicate an intellectually dishonest individual who takes remuneration for services not rendered.

Students expect honesty, integrity and candor from the adults who serve them. When these are not forthcoming, they react in the same manner as any person who has been betrayed. Furthermore, I have problems with reporters who use pseudonyms. It appears that whenever a magazine is on the ropes, the editors jump on blacks, young people and schools. William J. Saunders
Washington, D.C.

The student
solid bones with silver inlay
Made about 1835 by Bates of London
for strong Atlantic sailings.

The cigarette:
a modern blend of 30 premium tobaccos
gathered from 3 continents,
14 countries and 40 states.

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

King Size 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Soft Lights 10 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. F.T.D. Approx. 1974.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Pack the Pipers. It wouldn't be a weekend without it.



The gang's gone back to the beach house. But you can't take yourself away. So you unpack your 100 Pipers Scotch right there on the beach. You've got your girl. The sun's out all to yourself. And a Scotch blended and bottled in Scotland. It couldn't be better. Or smoother. And why not? Pipers is from Seagrams—the world's foremost distillers.

Pipers: the Scotch to weekend with—any day of the week.

100 Pipers is a Blended Scotch Whisky with 40% Alc/Vol (80 Proof). © Seagram & Sons, Inc., New York.

This guy makes \$20,000 a year, has money in the bank and a top credit rating. But he doesn't own the car he drives.

He leases it instead.

Why does he lease? So he can put that down payment on his new sailboat rather than on his new car. So he can project his total car expenses for the next two years, and keep accurate tax records at the same time. And because leasing gives him all the advantages of ownership without all the responsibilities.

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No matter what make of car you want—Chrysler product or not—give him a call. He can help you decide if leasing is right for you. If it is, he'll develop a lease based on your kind of driving.

But if leasing is not for you he'll tell you that, too. Because he'll be just as happy to sell you a car.

One way or the other, he wants you for a customer.



**CHRYSLER
LEASING SYSTEM**



BACKSTAGE WITH ENQUIRE

In the British Isles, where our circulation is modest, this magazine speaks with a modest voice.

[illegible]

essence, a knighthood seems, to say the least, obligatory.

Or they also have great ideas, though not of course in the same league with Mr. Waugh's Associate Editor Lee Eisenberg had one recently which he sent us as an example showing a wide-eyed Indian still with the capacity to see things from the reader's viewpoint. He turned two dollars to find the word appearing the page. Which do you suppose Mr. Eisenberg did? Let him speak for himself: "I began to mean philosophically about how chaotic the world was, and I thought it would be good Christians if I became cynical about who was responsible for causing real suffering there who farmland and diamonds, so I decided to ask Bob Rosenbaum to take the punch." See Rosenbaum took it and sent it to me. It was a very nice little piece. I liked it. Take of the March/April Bk. page 67. We've discussed Mr. Rosenbaum before in the past, and so some people, we've found, still don't respond adequately to the work of the author of *Servants of the Slave*. The *Rising Sun*, December, 1971, p. 70; *The Christian*, October, 1971, p. 70; *World*, August, 1973. There can be no question of a kinship for Mr. Rosenbaum, but we thought we'd try to find out why he isn't a little more famous, and we found out in a three-column discussion with him.

ROSENBAUM: We'd like to make you famous, Ben.
ROSENBAUM: What do you want to know? I don't like to talk to reporters because you know how they float things around. I know how other reporters are greedy.
ESQ: Well, we'll try to be careful. What are your ambitions?
ROSENBAUM: I don't want to talk about that.

E294 Your notebook as a journal:
 100-105

ROSENBAUM: I can't talk about that. Got everything you need? What about?

ESQ: Well, do you want to be rich?
EISENHBERG: Sure he wants to be rich, what kind of a dumb question is that?

ROSENBLUTH: But not exclusively.
MSJ: In addition?

ROSENBAUM I don't know if I want to reveal what I really want.

1554 Why don't you try to throw us
off the track.

KOENIGSLIM Well, it's bigger than a bread box, but less substantial. Still, it's a form of conservatism!

Lee, you know him. What can we do to make Ben Rosenbaum famous?

EISENBERG: What we're doing now I don't think there's a better way that he ought to do a book on cholesterol.

KIRSCHENG: In addition to his other talents, he possesses this otherworldly perception and determination concerning chocolate. I know he regards the chocolate at *Financi's* as the best chocolate anywhere in the world.

ROSENBAUM: Recognize I'm capable of making a fantastic chocolate myself. I am in the process of making one this very day. The crust is delicious.

KIRSCHENG: Yeah, that's down on Eleventh Street and I'm scared all the way up home on Fifty-second.

ROSENBAUM: He's looking his own cake!

ESQ: Sure he is! What are you accusing me of?

KIRSCHENG: I said I'm aggressive about chocolate.

ESQ: Give us an example.

ROSENBAUM: I don't want to reveal professional secrets. Why don't you write down that I'm secretive.

ESQ: I don't want to write it down.

KIRSCHENG: And don't write to let in how to take pictures. We know that not Robert Richardson's home or office as age 75, but a reading room at the Smithsonian Institution. We thought the mutual elegance of the two looks

And that's it for the mass, folks,
 second for love, unrequited love... (13)

John L'Honneur, author of *The Confessions of Philosophy* (page 122), is also author of *Foresty Affairs*, a collection of short stories to be published as directed by Dickinson and

advised in August 1975 that they were being
advised by everybody; and (2)
these fellow-folks thought of them

82 to 85 are called *daupins* in the language of Bardi, and that's a word

you won't hear every day. In fact, you'll hear the word *Sun* *Boatman*.

a last trace often, if we have anything to say about it. #

Training a Staffed and Production office, etc.

Nadine Ann, New York City, Perhaps not a teenage sweetheart, but a woman of a certain age. However, no responsible citizens at all.

be located by Pappas in intellectual property transactions and networks should be open to discussion with attorneys for New York, N.Y. 10022.

helped to shape a code in California that
treats all Black workers better, still making re-
spected leader. It has now left Cuyahoga County
the last of the four counties, Cleveland, Cuyahoga, and Franklin

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Some people try things because they're new.
I don't. I think about them first.
Like fiber glass boats.

Sure they're easier to take care of,
but I've already spent so much time on that
wooden tub of mine...

I can't see giving it up now.
The same with my wooden tennis racket.
It's just too comfortable to trade in
on a metal one.

So how come I've switched to Roman Brio Leather?
Not because it's new, but because
it's comfortable... I feel good wearing it.
Anyway, my girl likes
my Brio Leather
as much as she likes my boat.

[illegible]

ROMAN BRIO LEATHER-ALL PURPOSE LOTION

Think about it.



The corner of the country where I grew up was peopled with smart and shaggy men.

Now it has withered into a black ghetto. It is a part of Brooklyn that once strived to high-school football and rooted for the Dodgers and where, too, people headed off to the beaches. At my old high school, called Benjamin Hall, a boy could win a request by surviving three years of duckboards along a road to the delights of Virgil. *"A few essays now and then to get along with."* "See, Dancer. Give this book a gose." A small corner of America, but there it was.

One doesn't go home. One never looks back. Early lessons learned from Thomas Wolfe and Seichel Paine. The old herdlike field is gone, a fiery parking lot. The drugstore, where no sugar coated milk and look are cornered from a shiny chrome, is a black storefront. The apartment building where I lived is all but not-worked. Seeing it is like seeing a one-hundred woman, nose hard-eyed and preserved and dandy under the casual shape of time. I never walk out Brooklyn anymore, except somehow Brooklyn continues to draw me back.

"We work at Ray's High Field," Fred Thompson was saying softly on the telephone. "The talk is in all right there. You'll enjoy watching the girls run." Ray's High Field, on a street called Bayle Road, had been a focus of what television still offers as American. Business played Ray's High there and we watched from wooden grandstands and wished that girl cheerleaders could spring whooping on the stadium by tradition girls were barred from cheerleading. Too many.

"Ray's the neighborhood now?" I said to Thompson.

"Got problems," he said. "We do what we can. We need help. We're not getting the help we need. But our club has fun."

Fred Thompson's group is called the Adams Truck Club. Probably it is the most remarkable women's truck organization extant. The Adams have set at least a dozen records and their people are disciplined, self-motivated and bright. In Cheryl Toussaint, a wiry, five-foot-seven middle-distance specialist, there lives a premier candidate for an Olympic gold medal in 1996. The Adams have developed almost entirely on their own.

As we rode a taxi toward Brod-

lyn, Thompson began to explain himself and his club. In a time, intense years of forty, a black coach is the ghetto called Bedford-Stuyvesant, who made his way through law school and found work in the intelligence division of the Internal Revenue Service. He was sent with that job but not the sort of person Thompson wanted. Then I.R.S. officials tried to send him into a special reentry program that included pistol maintenance, he said. "I already was a lawyer," he said, "I didn't want to become a cop." Later he worked in the legal departments of a television network and Madison Square Garden.

The cabdriver found the Manhattan Bridge, now gritty with construction, and then he bounced along Brooklyn streets that wanted paving. The Adams, gymnasts and old black showed their fronts.



By David Lee

"Around here," Thompson said, "there's not much for a young person to do. Oh, he can handle drugs, or keep up cars, or sit on the curb and drink wine, but I mean there's not much spot a young person can do."

We jostled deeper into Brooklyn. "When you and I were kids," he said, "there were constantly centers and maybe open lots. The kids are gone and these days some community centers have such bad facilities that you can't do anything when you're there but hang out. The kids figure, street or community center, what's the difference?"

"We used the streets for fields," I said. "There was less traffic."

"And you weren't worried playing streetball?" Thompson said, "but some guys would shake you down for their heroin money."

Ray's High Field has been reshaped. The wooden stands are gone. The

houses rimming the place look tired, worn and empty. One sees the brick, white-out outlines of a marginal hospital. But this day the sun was shining and the field was alive. Ray's High's baseball team practiced on the diamond. On a rubberized asphalt track, a quarter mile around, twenty-five girls walked and jogged. That were awestruck of blue Adams Truck Club was spilled out in gold across their chests.

Fred Thompson used brief introductions. Pat Collins, twenty-four, is a cheerful, pretty Modern. She teaches physical education in a junior high school. Carmen Smith Brown, stocky and thirty-one, works in a bank. She has a child but recently decided to enroll in college. Cheryl Toussaint—the last name comes from a Russian grandfather—is twenty-one and a senior at N.Y.U. She majors in math. Cheryl wore a white T-shirt and navy running shorts. Her body looked supple and athletic and feminine.

"Today," Fred Thompson said, "we're going to work on hypocal, make the body have an oxygen debt. We suppose a server donated the oxygen on the girls' bodies. They're each going to run twelve two-hundred-twenty-yard sprints."

"I'd like to run sixteen," Cheryl Toussaint said.

"Twelve," Thompson said, with such authority that you could hear an I.R.S. man in his voice. "They'll run the sprint, walk thirty seconds and run another. Twelve times. That allows the oxygen supply and forces the body to adjust."

"Too easy that sort of thing?" I said to Cheryl.

"That's why I'd like to run sixteen or more," she said.

Thompson put a stopwatch round his neck and started the girls sprinting in small groups. He studied them as they ran, rubbing about the field and shouting instructions.

Louise Davis, who attends the City University of New York, was in the first group. "Smooth," Thompson called. "Run smooth, get smooth. Keep your form. Loose, keep your knees up from that right leg. Okay."

Carmen Smith Brown too with veener girls. "Relax," Thompson shouted. "It's not a fight." Cheryl Toussaint broke very fast and you could see in those long legs, a certain unexpected, a rounded bottom, that she was an extraordinary athlete. "Come on," Fred Thompson cried. "Busted. Extend."

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The Boys' High ballplayers kept working but the beauty boys in the Brooklyn store across from the young women on the truck. Thompson checked his stopwatch, pulled cigarettes and encouragement, and kept his totals in his head. It was not a formally organized practice, such as the Miami Dolphins might do, with one coach for every five or six professionals. But as the women ran and Thompson kept about, one saw a splendid workout, organized in one coach's head and in the drive of amateurs who followed.

Halfway through the drill, five boys in basketball suits marked "Workhorse High" staked themselves at a turn in the track. "Hot Mama," one began in Spanish. "You're pretty, Mama."

When the next clutch of girls rushed past, the boys extended arms as if to trip them. Thompson sprinted across the field. "Fellars," he said, "you're serious when you practice basketball, right? These girls are serious when they work out."

"We didn't say nothing," said a fast-limbed ballplayer.

"You put your arms in their way," Thompson said. He stood very straight, one forty-year-old man against his smiling teenagers. "Leave them alone."

The boys spoke Spanish to each other. They moved on.

After eight sprints, Lorne Forde said, "My chest hurts."

Thompson nodded. "That's what it's about."

The girls ran and walked. They ran and walked. At the end most still ran strongly but one girl, walking hands on hips, sobbed and burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" Thompson said.

"My head hurts. Gosh it hurts."

Thompson slipped into step alongside her. "Relax and breathe," he said. "Your body needs more oxygen." Slowly other girls filed out of Boys' High Field, twelve \$25s, a mile and a half of sprinting behind them. Since these were ghetto people, many would now have to walk home.

Thompson, Cheryl Toussaint and I met later in the week at an old Brooklyn restaurant called Michla's. Cheryl wore a white, cable-knit turtleneck and drew photos from the writers as she listened. Her speech is not distinctive, but her long face glows with experience. Aside from running, she worked hard at N.Y.U., she said. Her math? Well, as far as she'd taken calculus, abstract algebra and transformation geometry, among other

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Thompson. Mostly, she got it. When she produces, she will have to make a choice. She could teach Rie how to teach, but she might like something else more. She'd been talking to people at I.D.M. about becoming a management trainee. Finally—she showed a quick and full-mouthed smile—she was thinking of modeling.

"How did you come to run?" "Oh," Cheryl said, and looked toward Thompson, as if for confirmation. "Well, when I was thirteen, I thought I was the greatest basketball player ever. And I played tag and jump rope and all those games. And I heard about a track meet at Doug High Field, where we were the other day, and I went to it wearing a green dress and a pair of sneakers. I'd never seen girls and there were the Alices in the middle, wearing blue and gold tops and blue shorts with gold stripes, and I asked and it turned out anyone could run. My friend, Billy, said I could get dated, but I wanted to try to win, so I went to the washroom with another girl and gave her my dress and sneakers and got on her shoulders and while she ran."

"I started for the hundred yards. I finished fourth. Three Alices beat me and when the race was over the three of them clomped after I ran like a duck-foot in these big white sneakers, but I went up to Fanny and asked how I could get the job." "I have no recollection of that day," Thompson said.

"You were wearing a beige London Fog raincoat."

Thompson said, simply come out and run. When Cheryl did, Thompson ignored her. It is a trick he uses with all women. "Some girls try out simply for the uniform. I let them wear a blue and red uniform they have seen in a magazine. I let them wear a blue and red uniform they have seen in a magazine. I let them wear a blue and red uniform they have seen in a magazine."

"So I quit," Cheryl said, "but I came back. A friend on the Alices told me. Finally, I thought I could be a superior. Actually, as didn't think so. My friend just wanted somebody to talk to practice with her."

Thompson grinned. The day he saw a superior's drive come later. The Alices were racing at a community college on Long Island and Cheryl was colored in the mile. She burst from the start, as though sprinting, and soon she was running hard, a hundred yards ahead of the field. "Slow down," Thompson called. "You'll burn out."

Cheryl kept driving and maintained her lead. Then with a hundred yards to go, the coach of oxygen said, "Stop." The long stride faltered. She began to wobble. Nearing the finish, she staggered. Her head

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HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Insolence! Almost eight years to the day—my notebook outlining a first proposal for a TV series made *London, May 3, 1968*—I'm back in business with a project that will make back, and knock network action, will grace your small screen in the Fall of '75. A guaranteed smash hit, sure to top the top Nielsen numbers for many seasons to come. Guaranteed I use the vehicle, sharing the idea with all you potential Viewers out there, for two selfish reasons: one, to establish first priority in the idea itself; and, secondly, to establish a sales handle that will allow the three networks (national and local) leading rights, and then turning to the phone. You network buyers know who my agent is; operators at the By Fisher Company will be standing by.

No more hallooing, no risk of over-selling here. The idea, like all great ideas, is simplicity itself: a one-hour weekly series (actually, to conform with standard network buying practices, twenty-four airings plus repeats), which in every episode will dramatize a capital crime, each hour to end with the line-on-type execution of the criminal (himself, the show to be titled—what else?—*Erection!*).

Sensational idea, right?—but before going into specific detail I suppose I have to dispel any unwelcome possible protests from bleeding hearts and pious heads. First it, folks, you're aware, in addition to which none of you ever has to watch. Most of you don't have TV sets anyway; you just sit out there and weep. Second here The beauty part of *Erection!* is that the show has appeal to the vast majority of the American public. Viewers all, who long for the restoration of capital punishment, whose souls are tormented by the US Senate staff, which has already voted, 94 to 33, a referendum to the death penalty. Among the proponents were such notable writers and liberals as Birch Bayh, Frank Church, Abe Ribicoff, Sonny Jackson (no sorry but a card-carrying liberal), and, yes, Sam Ervin. Also, a twenty-five state legislatures, with more to come, have requested the death penalty since the Supreme Court's willy-willy five-to-four decision against. Added to that—but you should I be defensive in this, a sales contract for a TV series sure to be a smash. Who needs even to talk on moral issues, none of which has ever affected the broad scope of

indecency anyway. Hard truth, Viewers: soon, throughout the land, there will be a resumption of hangings, electrocutions, shootings, poisonings, and, hopefully, an *Erection!*—we may eventually introduce an American version of garroting. Yes, our show will be provocative... and what else? *Erection!* will be hard-hitting, controversial, truthful, vastly entertaining, and a powerful tool in the extermination of capital crime.

But most of all *Erection!* will make a fortune for me and mine, for the network and advertisers, and, to bootstrap a sales handle that will allow the three networks (national and local) leading rights, and then turning to the phone. You network buyers know who my agent is; operators at the By Fisher Company will be standing by.



erotic. If you now pay a production company \$500,000 for two airings of an hour show, *Erection!* will cost you \$275,000, with no syndication rights, and a bonus if you demand a same cast.

I'll be very frank. Within that figure I see about a \$50,000 first-time-around profit for me personally, but there will also be profits in costs (airtime, props, etc.). The profits don't have. First of all, for a purpose, I include a heavy fee paid the family of the original victim. That's only fair. Then, of course, a fee for the perpetrator, the Star, which will go to his surviving relatives, or, in absence of same, to a favorite charity. And, finally, another important fee for a flat, anonymous of each-starring episode that we on *Erection!* can never be accused of trafficking in sensationalism, or God-ford, exercising bad taste.

But let's, in other words, deal

with all the necessities for a proper presentation. This one, long written on tape, is quite brief. An expanded version will later be written, drawn out of development funds from the first network to come across. All you Viewers out there who dream of selling a TV series, here's a short course as how it's done.

Time Slot: *Erection!* is a show obviously not for Sunday at least, not primarily. I see ten o'clock on a Wednesday or Thursday as the most desirable time, among for the eighteen-to-thirty-nine-year-old audience. It's, maximum. It's the kind of show singles will stay home to watch, over the options of making hooking or hanging around in bars. Good counterprogramming will put us against a single hour or any weak doctor/ lawyer/cup show. We'll also have a great shot at the older audience, especially if initial promotion is done through each person as the main organ for the National News Association.

Format: An acted outline, the hour will be a dramatization of the life of the Perpetrator, with special focus on the events that led to the crime and ending with the actual on-screen execution. I see an opening season of the crime itself where guilt is never in doubt. Establishment of guilt is extremely important, for we must never run the risk of a single Viewers or thinking we've created an innocent person. Part of the Perpetrator's deal will be an affidavit affirming guilt, once he is sent free to Viewers on request. Following this, in the normal lawsuit format, we will first do an extended flashback to the most dramatic events leading to the crime. If this seems too restraining, we might very well do a season which excludes some kind of threats or hitting, or even another related crime, as a result of which the crime becomes a later crime. (Yellow writers with whom I've discussed the show have responded with great enthusiasm, and I already have anti-accusations with such important names as Reginald Rose, Mervyn Duvall, David Shaw, Gore Vidal, and Murray Schickel, the last being no artist who will handle the occasional show with comedy, or should, aspects.)

The curtain which comes down over the crime itself, or the acquittal of the perpetrator, will carry us to about thirty-three minutes into the hour—significantly just past the half-hour station break to avoid



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*Based on 1974 models. 1975 model shown in photo.

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possible channel switching, not that I see much chance of that. The rest of the show will be devoted mainly to the execution itself. Short shrift will be given the trial and appeals, with has been firmly established as in the first place, and we'll have made one there in as hope of last-minute commutation.

As to the manner of the execution itself, over the years we will go for a mix, i.e., a hanging will be followed by a guillotage, to be followed by an electrocution, etc. Above, I mentioned garroting, a colorful means of capital punishment used in Spain and Brazil; it would be our hope to innovate, probably first in a northern state, when Viewer demands eventually call for new and more entertaining approaches. It's admitted that traditional means of execution are out-and-outed, if sometimes exciting and lusty, but if we were able to introduce such as garroting we might very well create elements of drama—showing spectators to the guillotine. Off the top I see the Perpetrator at some casual pursuit, not knowing the moment of his execution, perhaps sitting quietly with a book, or even asleep. Late at night, in a corridor, the executioner slips in, his goal being to catch the Perpetrator unaware. Though the guillotine would be used quickly and efficiently there would be that moment of awakening and realization. In closing, a dramatic moment of "believe." In addition to garroting, we might also bring in the guillotine, even the block.

The show would then close with a real prison doctor confirming death, after which we would go to our host for a solemn wrap-up, a warning that this is the fate of all murderers. In no case will any sympathy be revealed for our dead Perpetrator; since we never want to dilute the message of deterrence. Our basic purpose will always be to dramatize motive and the method of the crime, never to justify.

The Host, Other Castings: Admittedly, the lack of varying characters in any other series idea would be a weakness, but by definition "Kriminel" is an anthology, each episode with a different cast and locale. The fact that every week we associate yet another Perpetrator becomes our strength. After all, death is our main character. Whether our editorial drams, Justice our uniform theme. And to hold it all together, a Host-Narrator whose stature is beyond question. Without hesitation I submit Ronald Reagan as first choice. While I haven't approached Mr. Reagan, I'm sure he's a legitimate possibility. Soon to be available, he

THE RED BARON.

Orange juice, grenadine and lime.
And the gin that's perfect all ways.
Seagram's Extra Dry.



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It's on orange juice,
wedge of lime,
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ance performed more or less the same function on General Electric Theatre. Her greatest interest seems to be the wish that all the poor people getting free Hamlet food might also get better food; may or may not have been a slip of the tongue; nevertheless the thought came of a mild American tradition against getting something for nothing. Ronald Reagan, at one end of the movie time, is all law and order and all heart.

Farred is a second choice I would suggest James Buckley, also soon to be available. Mr. Buckley's charm is undeniable, but more than that he has irreproachable intellectual credit in the Senate debate on reintegration of the death penalty. It was he who introduced the amendment, unanimously adopted, that bars the execution of pregnant women. Not only is this good, humanitarian thinking, but it leads us to a great new possibility. Given a pregnant woman, Perpetrator we would understand go to Mr. Buckley to determine just how soon after giving birth should her subject be executed. Enthusiastically it might best occur just before the normal week of childbirth.

Let's check, then, between Reagan and Buckley, both splendid candidates for Most-Narrator. I hesitate to suggest a third obvious possibility, Richard Nixon, only because he would first have to clear himself of any outstanding criminal charges. I would suggest that rather than go to Mr. Nixon with a firm offer, we might wait for him to come to us, then decide.

Less specific is my thinking on other casting, except to say that ours should be a no-big-name philosophy. In the dramatized sequences we must have the prior success of the character of the Perpetrator right up to the final scenes of course; and the actor should look as much like the Perpetrator as possible, thus militating against using taller men. And, since that execution itself is real, we must establish a total sense of reality throughout, unknown actors will help in this area. Whenever possible real people will play guards, witnesses, doctors, and the executioner himself. I am totally and irreversibly committed to a policy of using unknown actors. If, however, the network thinks star names will build ratings....

The Pilot Episode: Yes, we should shoot a pilot, and in keeping with network practices of running pilots as specials on movie nights, we can plan the first episode in either a nine-minute or two-hour show. Naturally, I will write the first script, I expect

to establish style and format, which no one knows better than I. Also good info. For instance, as producers' writer I will be able to insist that in the actual moment of execution we will shoot no wider than a hand-shoulder shot. Research indicates that disgusting things happen, body-matter, at the moment of death, and we cannot risk repelling sensitive viewers. Be assured, too, that set scenes will be kept at a minimum, even when dramatizing crimes of passion, and there will never be nudity. On as level will we ever be attacked for appealing to prurient values.

Execution! is a show about justice and the difference of murder. As such, it will always be in good taste. Until given a network go-ahead I cannot select the name of our pilot Perpetrator or the circumstances of his crime, but I can indicate guidelines. Note first that we will shoot in a top and midrange location, both standards that establish reality. For pilot purposes we will not choose a Perpetrator who is a member of any minority group. Nor a female, nor a youth. The crime will be an universally accepted as heinous, and the criminal, while perhaps sorry he was apprehended, will not be at all repentant. Ideally, then, we will find a mid-40-year-old, WABP, male, about 5'10", a cigarette who stresses seductively as the way to cheer or rouse. (Actually, we can protect ourselves on this last by shooting the execution sequence without sound and post-synthesizing any dialogue we must, de-emphasize. Needless to say, by so doing we also minimize the risk of possible taste-taste preferences.)

The killing of the cop would not be motivated by anything political or simple hatred of a character, which might lead sympathy toward a minority of viewers. No, I see the murder committed during a felony, say a bank robbery, where the Perpetrator plans and carries out armed robbery, thus showing a police officer. If, hopefully, he has a record of police felonies he will be an ideal pilot subject. I see even a scene where his mother admits, "I tried, I really did. But he's always been a bad kid, ever since his daddy left us, and he's caused nothing but misery to everyone he's ever touched. I see no purpose in continuing his existence. The world will be better off without him." Admittedly I'm running dangers here, but something like that from the mother would make a hell of a curtain pull before the execution sequence.

Again, for pilot purposes I see our Perpetrator as having been married, but there are no kids. An exonerated wife whose he abandoned, probably

often beat up, even when sober. He has a dishonorable discharge from the Coast Guard. In the stories on several previous occasions, he was back on the street as a result of bleeding-heart judges and politically-bred parole boards.

Of course, we will have to find those moments to dramatize that, if not horrifying, at least make our Perpetrator understandable. Perhaps he has a dog. He should have a philosophy. But, finally equates his crime with his business. Maybe he's even flirted with communism.

So, strike the list. Later in the series we can get into political matters, such as those resulting from things like skyjacking and black radical groups. We can do later in the series, execute women and younger people. For once Execution! hits its stride, becomes Number One, establishes itself as must

watch viewing in homes all over America, then the possibilities will be limitless. Yes, in the third or fourth season I can even envision guest executions, from big stars to ordinary folk who have won national Three Star Death certificates. Our only problem will be a flood of applications from prominent politicians, like McClellan of Arkansas and Hanks of Nebraska, sponsors of the Senate bill to remove the death penalty. But surely that will be a happy problem easily handled.

Yes, my notebook first outlining the show is dated May 8, 1984. Clearly I was ahead of my time. Much has happened since. Killing a void created by the absence from home screens of the Vietnam war, Execution! will answer a great need. *Kassabov*' will be the most exciting and rewarding solution to a society's grumblings since Monday Night Football. Execution! is a television idea whose time is now! **W**

THE DOG SLEEPING ON MY BED

*Love, the hours tremble in
The dark before dawn light.
The night is at its length,
I move further into my dreams.*

*The heavy weight of the dog
Breaks down to touch me, even here
Cuddled against my legs,
He is the darkness and solid shape.*

*His loyalty is a roof, mine a
Dark cave. We are with the world,
There are such words, sleeping,
In each of us*

—EUGENE CASS

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TRAVEL NOTES RICHARD JOSEPH

Flying across the Pacific to research *A One-way Ticket to New Zealand*, the pass on Americans living in New Zealand whom you'd find starting on page 98, I may just have happened upon the secret of eternal youth. Your age depends on how many birthdays you've had, right? So if you don't have any more birthdays, you shouldn't get any older. Well, my Air New Zealand flight left Los Angeles at eight o'clock on the night before my last birthday, but by the time the DC-10 landed in Auckland the following morning we had flown over the International Date Line, so it was two days later. My birthday just never turned up. I put the day back when I crossed the International Date Line again on the return flight, but it wasn't my birthday, so for the next year I'll be no older than I was last year, and if I can arrange to do this annually I can be forever thirty-five.

And New Zealand wouldn't be a bad place to visit every year. As you can see from the life-styles the American editors outline for you in *A One-way Ticket to New Zealand*, the country offers great opportunities for escape—into the outdoors, if that's what you like, or just away from pressure, if that's what's bothering you. The escape can be short-term, of course, to enjoy a vacation trip to New Zealand you certainly don't have to be thinking about getting there. Conversely, though, you surely shouldn't consider emigrating to New Zealand without a long and careful look at what it has to offer and what it hasn't. Tour operators and the airlines flying to New Zealand from the United States—Air New Zealand, Pan American and U.S.A.—have put together a number of tour packages well suited to both purposes.

Air New Zealand, for instance, offers something they call *Freewheelers* Birthdays, featuring self-drive cars, thus enabling you to spend just about as much time as you choose at the places that most interest you. Included in the package are round-trip economy-class individual tickets, a tour from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland or Seattle to Auckland, an Air New Zealand North Island, a Visa rental car with unlimited mileage and multiple hiring (picking up and returning cars at will along your route), and *Freewheelers* night accommodation at motels or hotels with Continental breakfast.

The prices run from \$1,900 to \$1,125, depending on the type of accommodation you choose, based on double occupancy of hotel rooms. Single occupancy, meals, and daily extension charges, if you wish to prolong your visit, are reasonable. (Note: Air fares and tour rates these days are in a state of what can charitably be called flux, but these prices were in effect at press time. In any case, they represent a good buy. The regular 14-to-28-day economy air fare between Los Angeles and Auckland is currently \$925—only about \$40 less than the maximum price of the whole package.) And you can, of course, postpone your New Zealand visit with trips to Australia and the South Pacific: New Guinea, Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti—the whole wonderful scene.

And once you get to New Zealand, you'll find the price level comfort-

ing; them has finished at home. This is the place for June, July and August alone, for living on a beach in January, February and March, and for trout and deer hunting, deer hunting, tennis and golf all the year round. This is one of the few areas on earth where the deer hunter encounters no restrictions; he's encouraged to shoot because the deer is actually under a serious attack in New Zealand, marked for extinction because it's a nuisance to the farmers.

Not every traveler is a sportsman, though, most visitors are interested in meeting people, and this is the perfect place for it. New Zealanders are open, friendly, hospitable and relaxed—very possibly because the slow pace of their lives and the relative freedom from pressures in their welfare state make them to be that way.

The most interesting New Zealand I met on my recent trip was the Minister of Tourism and Associate Minister of Social Welfare, Mrs. Tina Whata Manuwa. Thirteen-Sullivan, a forty-two-year-old, dark-eyed Maori beauty whose list of credits is far longer than her name, part of which is Maori for "clear white star."

A cosmopolitan, feminine version of the Renaissance man, the Honorable Mrs. Thirteen-Sullivan is a former fashion model, New Zealand titleholder in basketball and Latin American director, runner-up for the New Zealand women's title championship, and former minister at New Zealand's Victoria University and at the Australian National University. Her shorthand speed of 340 words a minute is, I understand, about ten words off the former world's record, she is a student pilot, designs her own clothes, and owns and operates a boutique featuring Maori designs in jewelry and fabrics. She and her husband, Dr. Denis J. Sullivan, an Australian neurophysiologist, have a three-year-old daughter.

She was a few months away from her Ph.D. at the Australian National University when she returned to New Zealand to run for one of the Maori seats in the New Zealand Parliament—the seat vacated by the death of her father. She was elected and then succeeded by the largest popular vote ever given a New Zealand M.P., preserving the personal record held by her father. Her two



few New Zealanders have had as low a level of inflation, the life hasn't been nearly as sharp as ever. I'd guarantee the general price level at roughly equal to ours about three or four years ago, before not inflation really started to let the coast slide. Good double hotel rooms with bath are still available for \$25 or less, and food remains spectacularly cheap. You can get a steak dinner for about two dollars—and there's no "plan tip" because New Zealand people rarely if ever tip. During our visit, a New Zealand friend took my wife to tea at the Midland Hotel, a charming, old-world sort of place on Lambton Quay in Wellington. They had four small sandwiches and four cakes apiece, and tea, and the tab totaled \$1.25—for both!

One of the many other good reasons for visiting New Zealand is the opportunity to do some of the things you want to do after the season has



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grandmothers were Maori chief-wives, one grandfather was the son of an English lord, the other was a Jewish immigrant from Central Europe.

"Generations of successful intermarriage have solved the racial problem for us here in New Zealand," she told me. "About one out of every eight New Zealanders today has some Maori blood."

An active conservationist, she believes tourism to be the least environmentally destructive means of gaining foreign exchange to help finance the Labour government's plans for increased social services. "A pleasing environment is a huge tourist attraction," she said, "and here in New Zealand our environment is unique in a world where pollution has become a part of life in a computerized society."

Geography is the only thing that prevents New Zealand—and especially its South Island—from becoming a major tourist destination. New Zealand is remote from the world's population centers, and South Island is the more remote of the country's twin islands. The South Island's Southern Alps cut off the Alps of Switzerland; its lakes lock everything in Scotland except Lomond, its pastoral, rolling hill country and mountains are more pastoral and more extensive than England's, its fjords around Milford Sound rival those of Norway and its trout fishing is rated the best on earth.

Much of New Zealand is sheep and cattle country—the Old West without the wildness. The Maoris were here first, like the American Indians, and like the Indians they fought hard for their land, and lost. But then the simplicity stops. In New Zealand there are no Wounded Knees because the Europeans who settled there treated their defeated foes much more charitable and intelligently than did the Europeans who conquered the Indians. There are no Maori reservations, just a few villages devoted mainly to the preservation of the ancient culture. The Maoris have been completely integrated into the economic and political structure; there has been a great deal of intermarriage and relatively little social prejudice, and the status of the Maoris is comparable to that of their Polynesian racial brothers in Hawaii.

Whether your age, you'll become very youth conscious when you get to New Zealand. First, it's a very young country. European settlement didn't begin until the early nineteenth century and the nation didn't achieve

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constitutional independence until after World War II. And you have to be careful how you walk here: vines fence-barred, blue-eyed, rone-colored with a thick-limbed, black-eyed life is forever running between your legs. They come in these varieties because more than ninety percent of the population are of British descent, many of the postwar immigrants have been British, and most of the other New Zealanders are Maori.

The protection of children is due to the fact that, in contrast to the United States, large families are fashionable in New Zealand. Social legislation in this welfare state has made child rearing remarkably unexpensive. Maternity services—prenatal, confinement, and postnatal—are usually free, public-hospital services are free and so is most medicine prescribed by doctors. General practitioners charge \$3.75 to \$4.50 U.S. for an office visit, and social services give them a dollar or two more. Kids get free dental care, their education is free from kindergarten at age three or four through secondary school, and college fees are only about \$75 a year. Doing their bit for the child culture, houses in the city of Christchurch are fitted with outside racks on which mothers can hang their baby buggies while they take several laps.

New Zealand is about the same size as Italy, but its population is only 3,800,000 compared to Italy's 24,000,000; there's plenty of room for everybody, so why shouldn't the New Zealanders have as many kids as they care to? The spaciousness of the country will give most Americans a strong sense of nostalgia, and even we're on such a strong nostalgia kick these days, nostalgia is a good reason for going there.

It's famous country most of all, the land of glass you father or grandfather loved to tell you about— even if he was brought up in Pittsburgh. And the largest cities are still small enough to be neighborly. In New Zealand a town becomes a city when its population passes 50,000. Auckland, the largest city, has a population of about 700,000 and only four others—Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and Danville—have more than 100,000 each.

Auckland is very much the commercial metropolis of New Zealand, Wellington is the capital, and there's a fair amount of rivalry between these two North Island cities. Like San, Cape Town, San Francisco and other beautiful cities, Wellington is a seaport situated by

(Continued on page 62)



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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

Everybody's got and peach cake at the Metropolitan Opera this season was a lot of a thing of a lovely light soprano named Judith (always "Judy") Blegen, who added Adina in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* to her established Sophie in *Rosamunda*. Yearly, one of the great moments of the year was her run down the scale descending from a high C in her second *Elisir* duet with Luciano Pavarotti—an interpolation, evidently in the style of the period, and done with a certain attention to detail at all "You liked that?" Miss Blegen said at lunch a couple of days later. "I'm glad—I've been working on it at home and that was the first time I'd used it. I guess I'll keep it." I guess she will.

Miss Blegen is from Montreal, Montreal, where her mother taught piano, and she was a fiddler before she was a singer. "I was brought up to sing," she says. She studied both repertories at the University of Montreal, then came to the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia as a pupil of Miss Begonia Gregory, subsequently, she went to Boston on a Fulbright and worked with Ms. Leitz (Roni) and she has also spent summers of Maurice Abravanel's Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, working with "Marcel" Rappacher (whose son is now her husband) somewhere in her travels, she really learned to sing—an accomplished singer that is not, alas, common in her generation, something which seems to have happened to American vocal teaching in the last decade.

Her confidence, however, she must have brought with her from Hungary (only) she is a very good French ear in more ways than one. Gian Carlo Menotti wrote *Help! Help!* the Globeville with Miss Blegen in mind as the best girl who wanders off from the school bus, contacted by her violin from the exterior (she who can be defeated only by the sound of music). As he was putting his first ideas together, he asked Miss Blegen whether she would be interested in undertaking the role of a young girl who played music. "Sure," Miss Blegen said pretty. "If she has something difficult to do." So Menotti wrote her a costume that sounds not too far from fact, and four solid months to learn. I heard her do the role in Santa Fe, by the way, and she played that fiddle absolutely professionally.

From her year in Rome (where she had gone because she knew she

would do her professional apprenticeship in German homes and wanted to avoid direct acquaintance with Italian traditions), Miss Blegen moved to a three-year contract in Nuremberg, 1963 to '66. During her third year, Rolf Liebermann (then assistant at Bayreuth, now boss at Parma) came to Nuremberg, auditioned her, and offered her on the spot three years in Hamburg to start with a new production of Wagner's *Meistersinger*. In which she would be the star. And she turned him down. The memory of it shrouds her a little. "Well," she says, "by then I had heard all the other girls in my class, and I said, 'By God, I'm better than they are.' I said, 'I'll be a day later I can get Munich, or even Vienna.' And I was going to audition for Mr. Seidel and Mr. Ring, in New York." The fact is that she didn't know Hamburg was a big-time house



(the money Liebermann offered paid for a year, of course, gave no evidence that it was). Then, as will happen, she was a wife and mother, and ducked soup for one of those Metropolitan Operas yearly outside that allow an artist to live happily (if I may use that adverb too freely) in New York even before she had done anything of importance under the contract. she was in a fight; management wanted her to move for Joan Sutherland in a projected *Don Quixote* of the Ring, and she said, "There's no way I'll do this." The break in New York came when Judith Marlis became ill and was unable to fulfill her obligation. It was similar in the Brecht/Brecht production of *Pandora*, and Miss Blegen demonstrated what a big hit a big artist can make in a secondary role. Presently she was as beautiful a Melisande as I have ever seen—a performance that was, in-

stantly, a case of artistic over-zeal. The pure femininity of Melisande's *Willens* does not really touch the self-aware of a female of the West like Miss Blegen. "Try as hard as I can," she says, "I just can't understand her. Why does she first? What's it for her?" I've decided she's just stupid.

Then in an afterthought role for Miss Blegen she learned it in five days—in German, in Liebermann—for Otto Schenck in Vienna, where she had gone to be part of Schenck's production of *Ascher's Pro Dantes*. "I said, 'I can't,' he said, 'Yes, you can.' I said, 'I can't.' He said, 'Judy, you see, and you said 'No I can't.' She had not been scheduled for the role at the Met either, but at least she had to do so because it is a new language when she was called on for emergency duty. Her success as Adina, truth to tell, was a little more than she deserved, the big-soprano, waltzy, operetta manner she had acquired in a Viennese stage of the opera houses a hard core of leadership (not to say bossiness) that makes Adina rather more interesting to a modern audience than many because of her over-zeal and rather more sympathetic to Miss Blegen, one soprano if she'd had the time to think about it. Still, it's a great show, especially enhanced by Pavarotti's delight in having Miss Blegen handle him (a delight expressed in a physical manner) that fused Miss Blegen considerably, which made it all the more fun for Pavarotti).

There's not much yet on records, though by the time the opera has a Haydn *Notturno* with Sutherland and a Mozart in *Requiem* with Donizetti and Gatti should be in the show. There will be more, my hunch is that Miss Blegen's sort of light soprano (the Elisabeth Schumann voice) will reward very well. And she will get all the benefits an artist derives from the fact that she has been pretty, talented, studied and break. Miss Blegen is in good luck. I was talking to her about several of her performances in the context of recordings of Judith Blegen, who is still very much active in these roles (not making irrelevant comparisons, just describing), and she broke into a radiant smile. "That's my wish," she said. "One of the greatest things of my life was when Judith Blegen came to my vocal this year,

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and came backstage to congratulate me." That's nice, two ways.

These pages will appear during the Met's June season (in which Mervyn Dineen will make his still minor NY debut as Laertes in a new production of Puccini's *Götter Schicksal*), and it seems appropriate to consider briefly the apparent failure of our one national opera house (and it is national, thanks to the Texas broadcast) at the end of a controversial season more influenced by luck, good and bad, than by art in recent memory. Some of the bad luck put in the press, and general manager Schuyler Chapin, who had never had a negative press before, began complaining about how inaccurate the newspapers are. A lot of critics he mentioned are always inaccurate, whether their tone is favorable or unfavorable to their subject. (I, too—yes, brother, even I—have been known to make mistakes.) It's just that the subjects deserve complaint when the tone is favorable.

Several of Chapin's troubles traced to two gambles taken by his predecessor, George Goetzke, who died in an automobile accident in December, 1972, before he could actively assume control over the house. Gamble one was the breaking of a Metropolitan Opera tradition, greatly reinforced during the twenty-two-year reign of Rudolf Bing, that called for a single general manager who took responsibility for musical as well as non-musical decisions. Goetzke, who was a stage man, felt he needed a musical director and hired Rafael Kubelík for the job, understanding that Kubelík's commitments in Munich would prevent him from spending more than a few months a year in New York during the first season. Gamble two was a severe reduction in the number of "lover roles" available to take over for the scheduled artists in case of illness. Something like \$400,000 a year had to be paid during the Bing regime in payments to singers to stand by, just in case. No doubt the audience benefited by the ability of the house to present the scheduled opera every night with at least a minimum standard of capacity in each role, but it was a lot of money and the effect on the psychological audience backbone was debilitating. "Their site where you only stand and wait" is an attitude that comes more easily to a poet than to an opera singer, and you may recall that it didn't come that easily to the poet, either—and he was blind.

Anyway, Goetzke hired Chapin as his assistant conductor—got himself a musical director and cut

back sharply on the cover costs, and both gambles were lost in 1973-74. The losses intersected when the house could not find an income for the season's premiere of a much-admired production, and would not find up until it was produced by the other people committed to the performance. One of these people was Jon Vickers, a great tenor but a questionable man, who was out on his first-ought commitment, bad-mouthed the company; another was Erik Lenser, a great conductor but a short fuse, who refused himself of some choice public comments about incompetence in high places before deciding that he did want to conduct *Tristan and Isolde* after all. Finally Chapin found a palatable Isidore in Klaus Florian, and in gratitude to her for saving the day he offered her an engagement as Goetzke (and the largest or most difficult role in Wagner) for next season's *Götterdämmerung*.

Kubelík was to conduct that *Götterdämmerung*. Good idea. From Munich, he called a domineering conductor that the offer he withdrew at least until he could audition the lady. There had been little a number of cables and phone calls piled on the control by them, and then one broke the back: when Kubelík came to New York to conduct this season's *Götterdämmerung* (which he did gloriously, by the way), Chapin and his staff were ready to concede the justice of Goetzke's feelings about the need for one man who would be the final arbiter of musical as well as non-musical decisions, and Kubelík was permitted (nearly unconcerned) to resign, supposing on the grounds that his plans for the future were being wrecked by financial stringencies.

There were some other stories that did not get printed, thank God, one of them involving a botched attempt to discipline a major artist who slipped out on rehearsal obligations. A last-minute switch of stars for a broadcast was resulting in the artist who lost the engagement and was bawled up in the headlines. Met artists were out to rehearsal schedules worked out by Robert Hermann, a man a computer could admire, and the schedules made out by his successors were, not surprisingly, much less reliable, causing concern and complaint. And the chairman of the Met's board, George Moore—who had been regarded as a mild, tough promoter even in the apex of First National City Bank, his previous affiliation—was applying pressure all year to cut costs, with predictable shakings in the margin for error.

I was not myself very happy with most of the new productions. Les

Freres I thought all elegant and more conducted (Kubelík really has to gift for French music); *Les Freres Strakos* is near the bottom of Verdi's barrel, nothing salvable to my taste except the duos; and so it was wretchedly cast and conceived in fashionable but wrong-headed black and white. *L'incendie de Alger* was charmingly staged but badly conducted. Tales of Hoffmann showed its origins as a touring production suitable for provincial stages (it was originally done in Berlin); and only *Götterdämmerung*, with a surround set by Schuster-Strommer that will be as the history books of opera stagecraft, was completely revealing.

And yet, particularly in the second half of the season, when people got used to being a little more on their own, the average level of nightly performance seemed to me very high, higher than that of most recent years in what is again the world's greatest opera house. Covent Garden and Scala having fallen as hard times. There were three spectacular debuts: Ken Te Kanawa as Desdemona in *Othello* and Brigitte Frenkel and Manfred Jungwirth in *Richard III*; Frederick von Steja, Paul Plishkin and Jarner Wessel established themselves in the first rank. Vocally, the cast of *Lothar*, *Freischütz*, *Hagen* and *Jungwirth* was the best I have ever heard in *Freischütz*, and I go back to the days of Lotte Lehmann, Renée Storrer and Emanuel List. (Karl Böhm's conducting seemed to me drastically inadequate, but you can't fault a management for hiring Karl Böhm.) The chosen stage better than it has in a generation, under the new theme master David Strassler. John Nelson was a splendid addition to the conducting staff; James Levine as "principal conductor" grew into Orffo most impressively and almost bad. Proper vocal line as a whole. Goetzke's post-Kubelík decision to put next season's Ring cycle in the hands of Boston Shilling took great courage, because Shilling appears to be a man whose personality pervades the building of a constituency, but I think he is a wonderful conductor and that very large gamble will be won.

On the money front, the National Endowment for the Arts has now thrown in a few significant grants, and the radio audience has been moving mountains to match it. The New York State Council on the Arts will almost certainly find more general support money for the Met, too. Prices have been raised, so low Met tickets at a level one third higher than (Continued on page 38)



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WRITING RUST HILLS

I'm absolutely determined not to talk about myself this month, but about (instead!) some really pretty good novels I've read recently.

Two books that are interestingly similar or interestingly dissimilar—that is, enough able to make them worth talking about together—are Thomas Williams' *The Way of David House* and David Madden's *River*. Their similarities, one to another, are surprising to me, even so. I think about them, but they'll come back to me once I get started, once I get used to this unorthodox business of writing about books rather than myself. Both books have a page up front where the author thanks the Rockefeller Foundation for a grant. That's not enough, is it? It may be just that I think of them together because I read them in almost exactly the same order. Tom Williams' book one week, I wonder what made me think you wouldn't understand what I meant, and then I read David Madden's book the next week—and maybe I was just looking for similarities so as to be able to do a column, so as to be able to have something to do a column "about."

That's another occupational hazard in the business, this neuroticism because of regularly reviewing books, the hazard that time better that you're always got to have an eye out for an idea. No one likes always to have to have an eye out. Even if it's just an eye out for an idea for a column. For instance, Gracinda Obasanjo, an old friend who used to work at New Directions and now works there again, sent me a second copy of John Hawkes's new novel, *Death, Sleep & the Traveller*, and so I read it. I used not to read John Hawkes, even though I knew he was good, because he was too hard. Too hard to tell what was going on, like a James movie, all murky and enigmatic but with his last book, *The Road Granger*, it seems to me, he became more "accessible," as they say. Or maybe it was just like the former movies in the Fifth: the point-of-view was so easy that it made you concentrate, as you could tell what was going on. Anyway, like *The Road Granger*, *Death, Sleep & the Traveller* has that same, that same, three-part scenes, shadow-into, tapping on madnet islands while others watch that kind of thing, a lot of it, and I know you're getting jaded, but this at all done with a lot

of relief, so it's hard not to concentrate. So I read it, it's short, and there is a lot of places, and certainly strange, and I liked it.

And then—this is all by way of telling you how hard it is always to have to have an eye out—I got sent the copy of R. V. Caswell's new novel, *The Goss Women*, that Betty Presbiter, Verla Caswell's editor at Doubleday, was sending to Thomas Berger. I guess in hopes of getting a quote. This was a logical activity for Betty to be engaged in. Tom is pretty generous with quotes—he even gave me one once—and Verla is careful in the *Letters to David* section on feeling that Berger's little dog after in "one of the great novels of our time" which of course it is, but that's not my point. The point is that Betty Presbiter sent this copy of *The Goss Women* to Tom Berger in case of Eugene and it got forwarded to me.



for review, which of course it shouldn't have been, but it was, and I'm getting to my point: after I wrote Betty to send Tom another copy, and got that all strengthened out, I settled down to read it. (She's the point) because with my eye always having to be set for a column idea, I thought I'd see one. Maybe you don't know it, but both R. V. Caswell and John Hawkes teach at Brown University. The idea my eye set for a column had some was this: a column about two steady novels by authors who both teach at Brown.

Actually, Caswell is into something else in *The Goss Women*. His stories are novel one Dr. Coble's Clinic, the one where he really rebukes the peep-show, really makes you concentrate. There's plenty of sex in *The Goss Women* too, of course, but the real subjects are the artist, and

love, and love against death, and the patterned in patterns, and so on. (Caswell writes some of the best sex scenes there are, of course, even when his mind isn't really on it, which speaks of course isn't very often.) And now I think about it, maybe all this book is really about to have this old great famous critical picture scene the famous mother-daughter combination. But Caswell seems it all so much as a study plot, so many characters all talking in an attempt about art and whatnot, that you tend to think it's about other things too.

Anyway, *The Goss Women* isn't really one-handed. It's *Hawkes's Death, Sleep & the Traveller*, and as far as I know Hawkes and Caswell don't even see much of one another as in Providence and don't compare notes on local literary peep-show or anything, so the idea for a column. I had my eye out for proved pretty much a bust. The fact that both authors teach at Brown is just a coincidence, a matter of completely false sophistication, like the fact I came across the other day, the fact that TOMS backwoods in SMIT, which means nothing, nothing interesting, so matter how much time you spend brooding about it, which in my case was a whole late afternoon, from about three-thirty to six.

But these two other books I'm trying to talk about (instead of about myself), *The Way of David House* and *River*, do seem to have something in common, besides the fact that both authors had Rockefeller grants, that I read them in consecutive weeks, and that they and *River* share, all of which is just more trivia and trivia. Both books seem to be portraits of the author as a young man, for one thing, which of course a lot of books are, but still it is one thing, you can't deny that.

The point-of-view character in *The Way of David House* is Aaron Braken, a college professor in New Hampshire who has written four books of fiction and is at work on his sixth. Aaron stands in a fascinating area of reality, somehow halfway between the author (Thomas Williams), who is also a college professor in New Hampshire or work on his sixth book when he was writing this, and the point-of-view character in his (that is, Aaron's) novel in progress, Alfred Braken, who is a veteran in college just after World War Two. I don't want to make this sound con-

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I had a lousy day
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was barking
at you, huh?
Arf. Arf.





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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

faring, because it all works out well the way Williams does it. What we have is a novel within a novel, and we even have a novel within that, as a matter of fact, a very funny example of romantic student writing. Williams uses this novel-within-a-novel, frame-and-flashback construction very easily and effectively, between portions dealing with Aaron's current life as husband, father, professor, lover, colleague, and so on, three other portions of the novel he is trying to write and, what's best and works so well, Aaron's thoughts about it.

There are many characters and incidents in this interior novel, but the main dramatic episode is Allard's seduction of a young beautiful innocent Catholic virgin co-ed, Mary Tollman. Aaron condemns as Allard's youthful behavior (or misbehavior) with the wisdom (or naiveté) of middle age. But it is clear to the reader (read, actually, to Aaron himself) that the youth is father to the man. Aaron's current subtle deficiencies in accepting moral responsibility for others emotionally dependent on him are prefigured in Allard's marriage seduction and betrayal. Both the student and the professor are men of goodwill, but these fail—his fault, really, for of course the two are precisely one, as the book makes dramatically clear at the end—is the kind of carelessness that is implicit in the paradoxical assumption of some good-looking, non-advertising, very effective, intermittently hard-working people that they can just step through life cleanly and neatly without ever mousing up those around them. Maybe it isn't actually that they are careless; maybe it's just that they *do* care less.

Thus, *The Man of Herold River*, like many if not all the novels, is a book about morality, about how hard it is to be good. Many characters, both in the frame and in the interior novel, stand in either side of the Aaron-Allard figure on the moral scale, the polarities of which are also in some kind of an axis with strength and weakness. There is a large brute animal figure named Boon Moherran, for instance, who perhaps represents the strength of pure evil. Harold Ross represents the weakness of pure school virtue, perhaps. The girl figure in this too. It would be an interesting book to diagram, I'm sure, if you were into that sort of thing and had a blackboard and a classroomful of appreciative students.

None of all this, though, indicates what a readable, suspenseful, and funny book this is. There's an almost Dickensian profusion of people,

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places, and happenings, and verities in mind. As in Dickens, there are a lot of unsavory "characters" who just leave the one thing they do: There's a Littlejohn Motor bus toward the end, run by an old colored man and his wife, straight out of Dickens and London. I thought, to turn the ending of the novel a bit wrong, although it may have been basic to Williams' conception of it. Anyway, it's a very apt and kind of Dickens, with Albee as both David Copperfield, say, and Steerforth, or whatever that vic aduce's name was. There are some passages set pieces in the book—the description of Mary's father's house, for instance. There's the famous death story of all time (page 96 in my galley), complete with a persuasive analysis of why it's so funny, and the Tennessee disgusting Army yarn of all time (page 135). The book is full of great stuff that way, some just thrown in, but actually all related whole and part, TU show you how when I get my blackboard. As I say, the ending seemed to me to be a bit lacking, but I really like the rest of it.

David Madden's *River* is nothing like so complex, in either form or ambience—although, of course, one never does well to underestimate the complexity of any author's ambition. It's about a thirteen-year-old kid in a small Southern city in 1936. If the Williams novel is updated Dickens, this is updated Tom Sawyer, but not too far. There's underdoghood, friendship and a circular father and teacher who don't understand the kid and puppy love with notes exchanged in class and scribbles stuff, but there's explicit sex too. The kid's name is Lucius—in no way is it a movie theme and some most everything in terms of all the movies he sees. Sometimes I think everyone in my generation went around secretly trying to look and act like Errol Flynn. But Lucius is also interested in writing, keeps a journal from an early age, keeps drafting stories, a lot of which are presented in the text and get better as he goes into pen and ink of Thomas Wolfe and goes all out for that, and so on.

This is another funny book, I want you to understand, at least in part. There is a wonderful scene toward the end where Lucius is trying to outline the whole idea of Joseph and Matthew's The Star of Bethlehem, the super-metaphysical things that happened to Thomas Paine in the more modern of it, to his saggy god friend, with his skeptical notions and ironic remarks. Lucius has a nice blue with his pen and everyone else and eventually runs away and takes

a bus to Asheville or Nashville or wherever it is, and sends him to the Thomas Wolfe house there. There's a last sentence I don't understand at all, but the book as a whole is a very convincing portrait of the author as a misunderstood teen-ager. It's not as good a book as *William*, but, say, maybe, but unlike it, it ends better than it begins.

Both these books seem somehow very real. It's not just that the reader suspects the authors themselves acted in experienced part of the tales they tell, which both these books in their different ways seem almost deliberately to do. But rather it is that they seem real in and of themselves, as if someone at least could have experienced them, even if their authors didn't. In that they differ from the Camell and the Hawkins books in Hawkins there is the constant suggestion of a dream—colored descriptions of the characters' dreams—while in about one page in five and provide the occasion for some of Hawkins' most lyrical writing. Even the New Directions jacket copy speaks of Derek, Skip and the Travels as a mixture of "country and city," and of course the title points the same way. And in the Camell book, while it is a realistic novel, one has a strong sense of realism, not in any fantasy—personal or otherwise in the author's part, a dreamlike fantastically elaborated. Could himself has spoken of The Gas House as having origi-

nated in speculation rather than reality. He wrote the book in response to asking himself the question, "What if Picasso were an American?" just as he had written Chris Anderson, that wonderful book in response to the question, "What if Byron Thomas were an American?" But there is no American Picasso; no American painter has anything like that personal power and public position. So despite all the fascinating trappings of circumstantiality provided by the author, the book seems a bit surreal just as its own premise.

But anyway, all four of these quite different books are serious, readable, successful. Good books. It seems to me that I'm usually telling you either about the good books I can't manage to read or the bad books I get stuck into reading time on. Well, here are four good ones—three long and a short. The Williams is 384 pages, the Madden an even 380, the Camell is 94, and while the Hawkins is only 170, it has a fat hero as I'm told his novels usually do, a lot of information I just without accompanying explanation. Anyway, then all sorts up to exactly fifteen hundred pages plus twenty-seven, and that ought to keep you busy until next month. ■

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appear in strange worlds

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everything is pleasant

but covered in smoking glasses
The lovers from your own world
climb like planes

It's an on place that are almost rubber
The whole

they will say nothing
then their bodies

with my sharp edges in reach
Everything here is soft but your fingers were
would with a seat

but set the poems in style
Remember then you told me
what you did on then before you left

that you were out the shelf of my words
One month will pass their lips in each other
when the doors open

and I come through the padding
holding your name like a cushion in my mouth

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BOOKS

MALCOLM NUGGERIDGE

If I were to be told that before I died I might attract the attention of all mankind to a single older chicken, this is what I should choose: *Life* is a drama, not a process. In other words, what I should most wish to express on my fellows would be that to understand life we must go to the great works of literature and art and comedy, to the saints and apostles—to King Lear and El Greco and Charles Dickens—to the *Missa Solenne* and Augustine's *Confessions* and Descartes—rather than to scientism, self, scientific or socioscientific theorizing, which assumes some sort of evolutionary process—apocalyptic-Marxist, determinist, positivist, or whatever—necessarily creating, as like a survivor left each stage of which requires particular effort and attention, but only achieving the finished product: Man emerging from the assembly plant in all the glory of his self-sufficiency. As it seems to me, the present breakdown condition of our world, and the evidently advanced state of decomposition of what is still called Western civilization, is precisely due to this notion of a self-propelling, intrinsically progressive process of work; despite as many intimations of its fallaciousness and disastrous consequences, people still unswervingly believe in it. Witness the very successful and widely screened series of BBC programs *The Ascent of Man*, now produced as book form by Chest commentators, Dr. Jack Bronowski (Little Brown, \$22). On its merits, I should say, the book would not rate more than a passing reference, being little more than a rehash of what Wells and others have already done. Its importance lies in the fact that, as televisually presented, and as seen and accepted by millions of viewers, we may say in it the basis myth—or, as I think, illusion—underlying much twentieth-century hopes and speculation.

Like the Book of Genesis, Bronowski begins with the Creation, which took place, he says, in Africa, near the equator. Here it was, he goes on—and one may him standing there, a shaggy little figure as might be in a strip cartoon; a people's grandfather—that man's evolution began. As for the time schedule, he takes us back fifty million years. "In very round figures," to a final hour; just a few tens of millions years (also, I suspect, in very round figures), and we arrive at a skull found in Egypt with a shorter snout than the bonobo, but larger and with ape-like teeth. Then, ten million years on, we come to "very well developed, well-paid apes." I love the next bit, which runs: "There is now a blank in the fossil record of five to ten million years. Inevitably, the blank hides the most intriguing part of the story, when the hominid line is man is firmly separated from the line to the modern apes. But we have found no unambiguous record of that, yet [my italics]." That is to say, at the critical point in Bronowski's tale, there is a yawning credibility gap. It is as though in confidently claiming, like the alchemists of old, that by means of a philosopher's stone has metal had been transmuted into gold, he confidently added that no trace of the actual process of transformation happens to be intact.



In twelve thousand, Bronowski adds on to "perhaps five million years ago, when we come certainly to the relatives of man." Here again the deficit is irremediable.

"At what point then we say that the precursors of man become man himself? That is a delicate question, because such changes do not take place overnight. It would be foolish to try and make their onset more sudden than this really were—so by the transition too sharply or to argue about names. Two million years ago we were not yet men. One million years ago we were, because by one million years ago a creature appears who can be called *Homo—Homo erectus*."

A delicate question indeed! The Genesis account seems by comparison, when compared to Bronowski's, the most of being validly related to what we know about human beings and their behavior; whereas Bro-

nowski's millions of years "in very round figures," and wild leaps from skull to skull, cannot but strike the surprise and outrage of the modern myth as pure fantasy. Having thus summarily done with fifty million years of biological evolution, Bronowski turns to our cultural evolution, which he holds out, has been packed into a mere twelve thousand years or so. Cultural evolution, he tells us, proceeds at least a hundred times faster than the biological variety, though as to why it should be so we are taught to see it as due to become a man than for an aboriginal to become Einstein, no explanation is offered. In any case, the fifty million years' ascent, from fossil remains to modern man, proper as Dr. Bronowski in his television screen, has happened without benefit of Creator or Savior. Neither God nor Christ figures in the narrative. It is all our own work. Posterity will surely be amazed at how little we have assumed, that such stupid and unconvincing theorizing should have so easily captivated twentieth-century minds and been so widely and recklessly accepted, with even the Roman Catholic Church, in the person of Teilhard de Chardin, stumbling headlong into the act. It will seem all the more surprising because the theory's disastrous consequences in every aspect of life, individually and collectively, have been made so abundantly clear to all with eyes to see. To resist change blindly is dangerous enough, but to accept it blindly as part of a postmodern evolutionary credence is even more so. It is utterly reckless, as we have every reason to know, and shall have ever greater reason as the years, and now even the months, go by.

Kenneth Clark on Civilization, Bronowski on Genesis—this our twentieth-century Bible gets itself scripted. Other offerings will doubtless be coming along, the Book of Marx, the Gospel according to Dr. D. H. Lawrence, Spinoza to the Presbyterians and the Jungians. In connection with these last, a reasonable suggestion that will be the monthly published correspondence between the two pairs: *The Freud Jung Letters: The Correspondence Between Sigmund Freud and C. G. Jung*, edited by William McGuire, Princeton University Press, \$17.50. For a century and a half, the letters and writers were thought to have been lost, and even now their publication has been allowed only on the condition



Your cost of living may go up a little
but your standard of living will go up a lot.

that they be presented in economics, without any interpretation offered. So, William McGurn, their editor, led to content himself with providing an introduction explaining the circumstances in which they were written and how they came to be assembled, and appendixes appreciative relations both individually and instantaneously executed.

The association between the two men began in 1905, with Jung as a devoted admirer and disciple of Freud, it developed into mutual affection and close collaboration, and ended in total estrangement. Jung closed the correspondence, and broke off all relations between them, with a letter dated October 25, 1913, which began: "Dear Professor Freud," and continued: "It has been a joy to my eyes . . . that you doubt my bone fide I would have expected you to communicate with me directly as to a merely a matter. Since this is the gravest reproach that can be leveled at anybody, you have made further collaboration impossible . . . As always with men, which are never about what they're about, there were all sorts of subsidiary causes of strife, but, as it does from the letters, the real trouble arose from a fundamental difference of opinion as to the cause of mental disorders.

It cannot be said that the letters add anything much to our knowledge of the quarrel as recounted in Ernst Jones's definitive biographical study of Freud, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, or as analyzed in two chapters ("Freud and Jung: Contrasts" and "Psychotherapy or the Group") in Jung's brilliant and, to me, unforgettable book, *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*. Freud attributed all mental life to the mind and strains of sex sexuality, as Adler did to the stresses and strains of our power-making impulses; and both of them, in Jung's words, were guilty of "viewing history the psychological aspects of life, and of interpreting man too exclusively in the light of his defects." Jung came to see that modern man had to rediscover and experience anew the life of the spirit if he was to "break the spell that binds him in the cycle of biological events." Is not this another way of saying that life is not a process in which we are trapped, but a drama in which we have a part—a drama whose theme is good and evil, whose stage is in time and whose setting is eternity? Our troubles come not from maladjusted sexuality (though that occurs with cunning regularity, like a permanent toothache) but from failing to understand what the play is about, forgetting

our lines and missing our cues. Such an attitude last Jung open to the, as Freud's eyes, doubtful charge of egotism, and on that they fairly writhe.

A favorite proposition of Jung was that it takes about twenty years for an intellectual discovery to become popularized, by which time it is usually discarded. Thus, whereas Freud's theories are, as I gather, little regarded today in the higher psychoanalytic and psychotherapeutic relations, they have become the common-sense, daily-heard cliché, common, non-education classes in primary schools and other popular forums of contemporary wisdom. By the same token, is Plato's *Republic* (Widener, \$9.95). Dr. Robert U. Allert tells us how to interpret the hidden psychological meaning of personal photos. If Aunt Mary is darting a nasty look at Uncle Fred, it clearly signifies that he has been up to no good, and that the pretty secretary who is looking so anxiously on the fringes of the group photographed. And who can doubt that Corrus Phoebe is entertaining murderous thoughts about her Greta when you see the way she glared her second shot when snuggling up to her? In a similar vein, Hans Kung, described on the dust jacket as "a major European sociologist," in *A La Mole* (The Seabury Press, \$9.95), goes into the question of the social psychology of fashion, reaching the conclusion that hotspots are not unconnected with sexual exhibitionism, and that "fashion . . . is the old language of Gollum." This rather morose exploration of the clothes is relieved by a sparkling introduction by Tom Wolfe. In the contrary vein, as a noted psychiatrist has actually, in a desperate, mad move in the direction of reviving the concept of sin (*Whatever Became of Sin?*, by Karl Menninger M.D., Hawthorn Books, \$7.95). The revival as conceived by Dr. Menninger is, it is true, so very modest that we are still to be allowed to do pretty much what we like: living, loving, caring, enjoying. Only Dr. Menninger concludes that Socrates had a point when he wondered how it was that men, knowing what is good, seem always to do what is bad. The Apostle Paul made the same point when he wrote to the Christians in Rome: "What I would, that do I not, but what I hate, that I do."

Similar musings seem to be taking place in the mind of Erich Fromm, that unaccountable maverick of the English political scene, as Judah Aronson (*The Seabury Press, \$9.95*). This consists of a series of dialogues and monologues on Christianity today, especially in relation to politics. Throughout, it is clear that Fromm is deeply disturbed and deeply disappointed; as he puts it in a dialogue with me on the theme of God and Caesar: "I am aware, in relation to religion, of a sensation which is like that of being hungry, as one can be aware of a similar sensation in relation to poetry or music . . . I'm hanging on to him, to be told, and to receive, things which I don't know where to find elsewhere, and which I feel I shall be the poorer if I don't hear and receive, and which I believe in some sense I shall die if I don't have." It is the classic cry of the man with the Hand of Heaven coming after him. Fromm is speaking, I feel, with some success, to a society isolating itself by very properly, but sometimes in exaggerated, mannered language, drawing attention to the dangers of contacting African and other minorities, to the perils of becoming the target of the whole powerful left establishment's ferocious slanders, and then severing himself totally from his Conservative associates by opportunist entry into the Communist bloc, to the point of recommending voting Labor in the last election. He is a man of personal sincerity and honesty, with extraordinary diagnostic gifts, and warm and able. It will be most interesting to see what happens to him now.

Peter Wittenberg, whose four-volume compilation, *The Wisdom of Conservatism*, I treasure, has produced an abridgement in one volume of *The Roman Empire* (Gibbon for Moderns, Arlington House, \$9.95), calculated to underline the startlingly close similarity between the circumstances of the Roman Empire, Rome down and our own. It works perfectly well, but I will prefer the whole work which I have in J. B. Bury's splendid edition. ■

ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

(Continued from page 4) Both of heavier intellectual endeavor than a standard for political life, but time we produced this same point was in October of 1907, in the *Starn* Roberts article that "recommended" J. Irwin Miller of Columbia, Indiana, for the job that was subsequently taken by Richard M. Nixon of Whittier, California. I hope the idea gets further this time than it did then, because in both instances it seems to me that the man proposed in our paper would make a better president than most, and a lot better than none. —A.G.

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TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from page 47) mountains. Yet New Zealanders have a way of bad-mouthing their capital, if two don't happen to come from there, as some Americans do Washington. The New Zealanders' chief complaint about Wellington has to do with the winds that blow in from stormy Cook Strait that separates the North and South Islands. But the winds do keep the city smog-free and sparkling in the sun that seems to be drying most of the time. The climate couldn't be better: Wellington is just about as far south of the equator as Singapore. Spain, in north Temperatures in midsummer, January, run from 55 to 98 degrees, and in the southern hemisphere's midwinter they range from 42 to 51.

Christchurch, metropolis of South Island, is the northernmost major city in earth and the jump-off point for the U.S. Navy's satellite operation. Don't get a picture, though, of dogeats and unions around Christchurch. Its southern latitude is comparable to Chicago's northern latitude, but Christchurch's weather is incomparably sweeter.

Nevertheless, too many tourists and too many independent travelers—covering New Zealand, logically enough, as part of a swing through the South Pacific—spend a couple of days on the North Island, visiting Rotorua, Auckland and Wellington and the geowonders in the Waikato Gwalia (all pronounced in their own way), and then push on to Australia, Fiji or wherever. If doing so, they miss the more sensually exciting of New Zealand's two islands and also the one that better gives the visitor the feeling of a relaxed and untroubled way of life that, sadly, is becoming almost as rare as New Zealand in the busy world. ■

SPORTS

(Continued from page 22) against pinless football and junior hockey, six teams often appear bored, desperate young people. The Atona are a miracle of sorts. That club for chess, but not for optimism.

Back to back to Manhattan, I thought of Brooklyn, home of the Atona. If it is easier for one who lived there to return, how terribly, inexpressible wonder it must be to live there and have no place else to go. ■

Help the unfortunate overseas.
Send a check to CARE
c/o post publisher.

The Classic Look of Jack Nicklaus® By Hart Schaffner & Marx.

America's classic golfer chooses a truly classic look in sport coats. A striking plaid of 100% textured polyester that feels as good as it looks. Jack's sport coats are available in classic two-button styles with either center or side vents. In a full line of bold plaids, with distinctive surface textures. Of course, there are Jack Nicklaus' "color-blended" slacks to pair with the sport coats.



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

36 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Illinois 60601 © 1994



A man in a brown marching band uniform with a white hat and a cigarette in his mouth. The hat has a crest and the word "Benson" written on it. He is looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

King, 100's, 12 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Mar. '74



A woman in a Native American costume with a feathered headdress and a large drum. The drum has stars and a crescent moon on it. She is smiling and looking to the side.

Benson & Hedges 100's



Menthol or Regular

Only Kyoto is Kyoto. Only V.O. is V.O.



There is only one Kyoto. Sheltered by the many Mountains of the Dragon, it has endured for a thousand years as the spiritual heart of Japan.

In the ornate temples and pagodas, golden swords, bronze mirrors, and tortoise-shell combs offer mute testimony to the quintessential art forms developed through centuries of guarded isolation.

Zen's timeless precepts were born in Kyoto, along with Bushido, the code of chivalry, Kabuki, the art of theatre, and Haiku, the art of poetry. Genhas first practiced their shy graces here, surrounded by roses and cherry blossoms, while Samurai roamed the mountains under a pale eastern moon.

So it has been through the years. Only Kyoto is Kyoto. It is as the ancient Emperor wished: a place of serenity, security and seclusion. A city of eternal freshness that needs a quiet music into the air. A one-of-a-kind creation.

Like Kyoto, Seagram's V.O. is also a one-of-a-kind creation. Through the years, V.O. has stood apart, as a whisky uncompromising in quality with a tradition of craftsmanship that has made it The First Canadian in smoothness. The First Canadian in lightness. And The First Canadian in popularity throughout the world.

Only Kyoto is Kyoto. Only V.O. is V.O. All the others come after.



Seagram's **VO**
The First Canadian.

Esquire

Tales of the Heartbreak Biz

by Ron Rosenbaum

Behind every Good Samaritan there's a good ad campaign

The editors who have taken over the Kidney Foundation account have a problem. "We joke about it in the agency, we say the kidney-disease account is a prize. But kidney disease is not glamorous," Herb Fried tells me. "It's not like heart disease, you know, beautiful, THE HEART." Herb says with a gesture. "And it's not even like cancer which is—*you know*. . . Kidney disease is—you know, you think of *venereal*."

The problem is that kidney disease just "doesn't have the opiate glamour requisite of those other diseases," Herb adds with a hint of scorn for glamorous diseases.

But that's not the only problem. There's a *crisis organ-donor* problem, according to Herb's partner on the Kidney account, Sy Davis. "We've got people, they're willing for people to die to get transplants, and we get most of our organ donations from automobile accidents."

"Motorcycle accidents especially," says Herb.

"Anyway," says Sy, "because of the fuel crisis there have been fewer accidents and therefore less donors."

A bigger problem: Herb and his partner, Sy of the Davis Fried Klingman agency are trying to

launch a brand-new kidney-disease campaign and they've run into some trouble over their key sixty-second TV commercial. They've filmed a sweetly straitlaced boxing match, featuring a fighter in dark trunks delivering a crippling "kidney punch" to a game young heavyweight who spends most of the remaining fifty seconds collapsing in agony, writhing on the canvas, laughing desperately for the ropes and—with the last of his strength—trying to pull himself up again. "We're crossing into some *fak* with that one," Sy tells me, "fak from one major network."

He and Herb and J. Hendon Day of the Kidney Foundation are reluctant to talk about the fak, but it seems that certain TV-connected onlookers are concerned that the commercial will teach young kids the crippling value of a kidney punch, thereby increasing the incidence of kidney damage in street scruffs.

Fak, too, from boxing organizations, who all the ruthless detailing of the fighter's kidney-damaged collapse earlier to the image of fak apart.

Sy is concerned. "Some people don't understand that the idea of this commercial is to be symbolic. . . . When people think of kidney they think of peeing. That's why

we had to take this symbolic approach," he says.

Time is running out. It is mid-March, and March is Kidney Month. February was Heart and April will be Cancer. The Advertising Council's Public Service Advertising Bulletin coordinates a horoscope of months for organs and organisms so that door-to-door campaigns don't get jammed up. Of course there are more organs and organisms than there are months. Some diseases only get weeks. It was a big step up for Kidney Disease when it was officially given March. But it's already the third week in March and the brand-new "symbolic" kidney commercial has yet to get full network approval. On April 1, TV program directors who choose the public-service ads will start concentrating on Cancer. When a disease's own particular month comes to an end it faces stiff competition from every other disease in the book for the remaining scraps of donated and unsold time, some of it prime.

This is not the first time a kidney-disease campaign has run into controversy. In fact, it was the key slogan of an earlier kidney-disease campaign that first aroused my curiosity about the whole complex business of advertising for diseases.

KIDNEY DISEASE, went that

slogan, IT'S NOT JUST ANOTHER CHARITY. IT'S THE FOURTH MAJOR CAUSE OF DEATH IN THE COUNTRY.

There's an implication there, I thought when I first saw that slogan on a subway ad panel two years ago, an implication as these first words NOT JUST ANOTHER CHARITY.

Are some diseases "just other charities"? Which ones? Are some worthy causes more worthy than other worthy causes? Are some getting more than their fair share?

The subway panel ad seemed to

lack up the implication. A dramatic bar chart of the top twenty charities showed Cancer and Heart were Numbers One and Two, with more than \$40,000,000 apiece in 1970. Then came the bottom line was Kidney Disease, Number Nineteen, with only \$2,000,000. Far above Kidney on the chart was Muscular Dystrophy, which doesn't fall nearly by the number of people as THE FOURTH MAJOR CAUSE OF DEATH IN THE COUNTRY. Also far ahead of Kidney were such charities as Planned Parenthood, Retarded Children, and Nursing

Care, none of which are MAJOR CAUSES OF DEATH IN THE COUNTRY. The Kidney Foundation comes off as a scrappy underdog in the ad, boldly challenging the deadwood on the money chart for a place up there with the big boys. There was an Anti-life quality about the ad, I thought.

A visit with Paul Margulies and Michael Ulick, the copewriter/producer team at Wells Rich Greene that created the NOT JUST ANOTHER CHARITY slogan.

I ask them how they came up with that particular line.

"We knew we had an image problem with kidney disease," copewriter Margulies tells me. "It's not romantic, it doesn't have recognition like heart and cancer. . . . In fact, one of the first lines we thought of went something like, 'When we say kidney, is the first thing that comes into your mind a swimming pool?'"

After deciding against the "swimming pool" approach, Margulies and Ulick spent hours arguing around trying out other slogans.

"Each time we looked at a line we said, well, it's okay, but it makes kidney sound like every other charity," Margulies tells me. Then, the moment of discovery: "Michael finally said, 'Goddamnit, it's not just another charity.' And we knew that had to be part of the line."

I ask them of the other part of the line, the part about Kidney Disease being the Number Four killer but only Number Nineteen in donations, was a play on the Aids theme, the underdog come against the odds.

"Well, I guess there is an undertone appeal to it," says Margulies. "But Aids never occurred to me until now. No. If anything, the line is a play on 'not just another pretty face.'"

It was not until after he'd come up with the slogan that Ulick discovered it wasn't just another disease. "The amazing thing is, it wasn't till the middle of the campaign I realized that it was a kidney disease my father died of."

"You see, Max, there are twenty-five kinds of kidney disease, a whole lot of different strokes, and eleven are fatal," Ulick says.

"You know, Paul, I never fully agreed with you on naming 'Major Cause of Death.' Ulick tells Margulies, "I wanted to make it stronger. I wanted to 'fearful biggest killer' a sort of like 'killer.'"

"Yes Michael, but saying 'Fourth Largest Killer' made it sound like

a plague," Margulies replies. "And when you say 'killer' you think of certain scary things like that. I admit 'Major Cause of Death' may sound a little grand, but sometimes in pop culture there's strength."

They receive another ad suggestion, whether to say FOURTH MAJOR CAUSE OF DEATH IN AMERICA or IN THE COUNTRY. IN THE COUNTRY best not IN AMERICA because "when I hear 'in America' I see a picture of a flag and when I hear 'Country' it's neutral, it's just geographic," Margulies explains. "We didn't want overtones of patriotism. We were speaking not to Americans but to human beings."

The headline started halfway through the campaign. It didn't come from the JUST ANOTHER CHARITY slogan so much as from the TV commercial, in which the slogan was a punch line.

Margulies and Ulick take me into a screening room at Wells Rich Greene and show me a reel of two sorts of kidney-disease TV commercials.

The first three had been done by the agency before Margulies and Ulick took on the Kidney account. The first three had not cut the test but would be on air.

Number one shows doc after doc slammering shut in the faces of actors representing kidney fatal victims, each doc slam accompanied by a patently insincere, barely even "I-got-it-the-other" type excuse.

The reception was brilliant, rob the potential doc slammer of his defense by picturing him as a role, heartless, cold, make the Kidney Foundation's bad rather than a kind of victim—the heartbreak of slammering doc after doc slammering shut in order to avoid inflicting further damage to the doc-slammered psyche of the volunteer.

"The negative," Margulies sighed. "We thought it was good but the people out in the local Kidney Foundation affiliate didn't like the negative image."

Kidney commercial number two shows a loud-voiced fast-talking heelster (free paraphrasing a hand with respect, puffing cricking handle of cigarette-wrapped cane, and a general being abrasive). The spot concludes with the heelster may suddenly talking straight to her heart and revealing that kidney disease is not so scary and kidney patients used money so badly that if we have to sit arduously to save

even we do it. Don't make us decide on either, the spot said. Don't make us decide on just we will. The threat of more and more abortion, bad-taste commercials was the muscle behind the pitch.

Some of the local Kidney affiliates said we should use this image either. It was a clever Madison Avenue parody of a hard sell, but it was such a good parody that it seemed just like neither had said we should use it.

Kidney commercial number three is pure speak shit. A hearty middle-aged salt, looking fresh from grabbing all the grafts he could get in a Schlitz commercial, stands on a bench, looks like a doctor, but not talks about the perfectly normal life he's had since his kidney-transplant operation. The pitch is for organ donations.

"They liked that one," Margulies says. "But we liked it more because you can only use actors to represent victims under certain conditions and . . . But look, the next three are the ones Michael and I did."

The first is also an organ-donor commercial, but it's not sunny and speak. It's a classic of the better-break genre.

On upon a cemetery in the rain. A group shot of a man in a drag past rain-soaked headstones, holding a black umbrella above him and delivering a monologue of feverish protectively to his chest.

In shakes turns the voice-over explains how one year ago he was close to death because of kidney failure, a woman girl who shared in an automobile accident provided him with the kidney that saved his life.

He stops at a plain unadorned stone marker, his hands and carefully places the bouquet upon it, sits up and turns to us.

"This is my grave," he says, and nods away.

It works. My chest aches and my hair curls, but somehow it feels good. And they need to turn an organ-donor card on the spot. Not till much later did I realize the clever strategy of that ad. I'm well up with tears of gratitude for my own generosity, and I realize potential organ donors. I am like the dead girl, but unlike the dead girl I get to see the rewards of organ donation before I die. I get to see that organ donors are almost guaranteed donors, and I see the death—a kind of immortality not

limited to their kidneys. So watching the movie's commercial is like watching a life record of a posthumous award before one dies. I was sold. The next time I saw an organ-donor card I signed it. (It happened to be on Sky and Herb's. I had Sky and Herb sign the card as my two witnesses.)

"That was something. That really worked," I told Margulies and Ulick at the Wells Rich Greene screening room.

"Gee, see the light of day," says Margulies dejectedly.

He flashes into an attack on the "double standard" of celebrities placed on advertisements by the likes of the T.V. Movie's Brides and all the other chances of advertising.

"They pulled that double-standard shot on us with our cemetery spot," he says. "The movie, they said, 'but we couldn't get a celebrity to run it, so we had to run it, some of the Kidney Foundation local affiliates wouldn't take it.'"

"There was also some problem with the spot because, traditionally, organ recipients are discouraged from finding out who gave them their organs."

"And what about that color number they pulled on us?" says Ulick briefly. "We purposely shot it in black and white. We wanted to have a piece-of-film look like *The Last Picture Show*. . . even shot it at sixteen, blew it up to thirty-five to get a grainy, to make it more real, and we knew the reaction we got."

"What?" I said.

"They refused to run it. They said the film was bad. They thought the quality was substandard. What can you do?"

"How about the Charlton Heston thing?" says Margulies.

"Show him the 'Empty Chair' spot first," says Ulick.

The Empty Chair spot shows a sound stage set up for filming, with an empty chair in the middle of the set. For arduous scenes, workers are shown progressively dismantling the set, cutting off the props, finally taking up the empty chair itself. The voice-over explains that Kidney Disease tried to find a celebrity to sit in that chair and do a celebrity pitch for them, but couldn't find one. A close button on the set and the empty chair and once again that Aids approach.

"We liked that one because it was in keeping with the underdog image," Margulies says.

But not long after the Empty Chair spot was completed, the Kidney Foundation signed



100 copies of this advertisement have been distributed this year by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. For more information about this important cause, write to: National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, Inc., 1500 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10014.

Source: The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness Blindness Communications Quarterly, Inc., an agency that creates horror-movie posters, to produce this hard-sell campaign. It's said to have saved thousands of eyes.

Being attached to a kidney machine is no way to spend a childhood.



When a child's kidneys fail, she can be kept alive by attaching a kidney machine to her. But it's no way to spend a childhood. There are more than 10,000 such women and children whose lives depend upon the Kidney Machine.

We need a cure.



Support The National Kidney Foundation
Box 35-5, New York, N.Y. 10006

Teenager. The model in this advertisement was told to hide her face to concentrate attention against using the healthy to portray the afflicted. The kidney machine was sprayed with a gloss that prevents unnecessary glare.

Christina Heredia to do a celebrity-type commercial for Kidney Disease and the Elmer Chair manufactured by Igo.

"We felt subleveled," Margolis tells me. "We thought it deserved to be shown. We just hadn't seen it before."

The whole kidney-campaign experience has left Margolis a bit wounded.

"I feel a lot of pain," he tells me. "We put a lot of money into coming up with the right kind of campaign, but it's selling the idea after you've failed yourself to come up with it." he sighs.

They knock downers J. Harbin Day, the public-relations director of the Kidney Foundation, re-

fuses to comment about the ill-starred Margolis-Herb campaign. Mr. Day is a slow-moving, slow-speaking, pipe-smoking gentleman who just recently changed from heart to kidney work. I have the feeling it is the first time he has ever said "We compete," and he means to mean it.

So much so, he then says, "That off the record," and details some of the reasons the NOT JUST ANOTHER CHARITABLE campaign was so controversial.

He suggests a "difference in philosophy" has led the Kidney Foundation to switch to the Herb Fred. By David team and possibly be described the new kidney-punch campaign they've devised together.

By and Herb are more forthcoming about the "difference in philosophy."

"We believe in showing a disease at the worst," By tells me. "According to us, the trouble with the previous kidney campaign was 'they had been showing people who had been cured.'"

By cites the highest-caption commercial.

Herb cites another commercial, one that I did not recall seeing on the reel at the Wells Rich Greene streaming room. "These were problems—missing a transplant patient," says Herb.

"Yeah, and that was the girl who died in fact," says By.

"There was a commercial of a girl who was supposed to be cured and she died after they made it?" I ask.

"I don't think we should talk about that," says J. Harbin Day.

A visit with the heartbreak kids. Their names are Alan Karpnick and Elrod Patterson.

I first ran across the Karpnick-Patterson confessions when I was tracing the careers of the original award-winning Kentucky Pigmentists as copycats (ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CHILDREN ARE GOING BLIND FROM A DISEASE YOU NEVER HEARD OF).

Then I discovered that Alan and Elrod were also the creative team for Traffic Death (specifically for "problems in the road—traffic deaths"). The two of them had become overnight sensations in the heartbreak business with a traffic-death song called *Jennie*.

"Jennie" sings a McKennasque duopoly about his mother and father. "It used to be a love, it used to be like being the world to mine in one way. I want to see Venice in one dream. After we hear Jennie finish her song, we hear the news anchor in the Voice."

A solemn, man-over tells us, "Jennie died on an endless road in America," killed by a lonely man who was drunk out of his mind.

Jennie was the first traffic-death song to become a hit radio hit. Radio stations have played Jennie 355,000 times over a six-month period last year. "And that's just counting the top hundred markets," a Gros Advertising executive tells me.

The TV commercial that followed—depicting a young woman, Jennie, running on the beach, and a smiling Jennie looking her first child in a baby hammock—got about 6000 minutes of prime-time exposure in six months, and a prize-

time minute in the big prize in the public-service advertising business. And even in an industry glutted with awards, the Jennie campaign—song and TV commercial—named Elrod and Alan more than two dozen plaques and ribbons.

And now Elrod and Alan have been asked to take in one of the toughest heartbreak shows in the business, promoting the adoption of "hard to place"—meaning white-white and handicapped, older than three years—orphans. Elrod and Alan only handle two product accounts these days. Kool-Aid and No Nonsense Purple Hair.

Elrod returned my call first. I asked her if she'd be talking to Alan so that I could interview them together.

"Yes, I think I'll be talking to Alan," Elrod told me. "He's my husband."

A bomb scare at 777 Third Avenue. Most of the employees of Gros Advertising, which occupies eleven floors, are hurrying out of the elevators and there are police in the lobby when I arrive for my appointment with Alan and Elrod.

"We've got had some scary letters," the receptionist on the tenth floor tells me. She says the informal policy now is that only non-executive personnel absolutely have to leave during the bomb scare. Executives can "take time on option" to stay and work.

Alan and Elrod are executives three days and they are staying. They have just been moved up to the sixth floor from the ninth, and one of the reasons they've been moved up is the stacks of plaques piled on the windowsills of Alan's newly painted corner office—most of them are awards for their traffic-death commercial.

Elrod tells Alan he has some mail—things about sharing in the building during the bomb scare.

"What difference does it make?" says Alan.

"What do you mean what difference does it make?" says Elrod. There ever seem to be an incoherence for these credentialed against accidental deaths to take a breath so lightly. They tell their secretary, Les, she can go. She does. But Alan says she's got a client coming in from White Plains for a business conference.

He comes out the other way in from White Plains and what an I person say to him? "I got a bomb scare here!" Alan says, showing a little nervousness.

Elrod is not convinced. She is a

fascinated about safety. She won't enter a car that she's fully equipped with seat belts. She's "positively scared about the mailer," she says. She hints to Alan she'd like to leave the room and the secretary says, "Elrod, says Alan, 'I got a thing new, I got a thing at three-thirty I got a thing at four o'clock.'"

"You might not have anything if you're not careful," says Elrod. Nevertheless she agrees to stay.

Elrod and Alan no longer have the Kentucky Pigmentists account. They were asked to leave about it. Alan and Elrod had presided over the birth of a brand-new charity for a no-nonsense disease. Their campaign, done for free, on their own time, had gained Kentucky Pigmentists enough money, recognition and credibility to get off the ground and start getting first-rate research done. It's not easy to make that happen in the private sector.

But last year the charity they'd helped create out of nothing enriched to another agency.

"We would have liked to have kept it," Elrod says. "The first we knew about it was when a close friend of ours at another agency called and said, 'Guess what? I'm doing the Kentucky Pigmentists account.'"

"There was a lot of misunderstanding about how this thing proceeded, and a lot of what they're doing now is coming out of what we did, our line of voice. But I don't have the hard feelings," Elrod says. "We were glad to get them moving."

Alan and Elrod tell me about their big break with the Traffic Death campaign. There is a knock at 8:00 in Elrod's office.

"The agency was in trouble with the Traffic Death account," Alan says. The client, the U.S. Government Highway Safety Administration, was dropping the account. "They were just publishing around with different solutions," Alan says.

Then the big break. "So they gave us a crack at it. We took one weekend and did the whole highway-safety campaign and—"

"That was the weekend Alan fell down the elevator shaft!" Elrod says. "Almost killed himself!"

"So we did that," Alan says, "and after we did that we had a really-safety campaign and—"

"That was the weekend Alan fell down the elevator shaft!" Elrod says. "Almost killed himself!"

They are not naive about the reasons for their run within the agency.

"When they pitch new business here," Alan says, "and a client sees the way we did the road and says, 'That's terrible; so you say to a client. If you give us your business we'll give you the people who did that ad.' So it's a selling tactic."

Alan hasn't for his Kool-Aid account meeting.

Elrod gives me a copy of her album of death songs. She's written a dozen death ballads. The Highway Safety Administration has purchased several of them. The album, called *Songs of the Road*, which intersperses Elrod's death songs with actual numbers like *King of the Road* and *Positivity*. Groovy.

The actual death crash is always afloat in Elrod's songs, and she's not. No screaming tires, shattering glass, and waiting ambulance scenes, none of the familiar pictures of Traffic Death ads of the past.

The government wants to keep death offstage, Elrod says. Certain British studios of never return to films of diminished bodies and other remains of actual car crashes have convinced the Highway Safety Administration that threatening people with death to get them to drive safely may be counter-productive.

"Whether or not this is true, the government believes, and we're just not permitted to portray death in a disturbing way," Elrod says.

They found that out when they tried to kill James in two alternate endings of the TV commercial.

"The first ending was just a very slow motion—so slow it was beautiful—of a car blowing up, tires flying, horrible but—"

Then they tried a graveyard scene. A girl who got married was James at first, wedding in a graveyard, and you think it's her, but then she puts the flowers on the grass and the grave says "James."

Two endings in pictures. "They were just publishing around with different solutions," Alan says.

"Then the big break. 'So they gave us a crack at it. We took one weekend and did the whole highway-safety campaign and—'"

"That was the weekend Alan fell down the elevator shaft!" Elrod says. "Almost killed himself!"

"So we did that," Alan says, "and after we did that we had a really-safety campaign and—"

"That was the weekend Alan fell down the elevator shaft!" Elrod says. "Almost killed himself!"

The Smile on the Face of Elliot Richardson

by Tad Szulc

Well, look at it this way: If you were a Boston Brahmin and an honest fellow and a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, would you look relaxed?

Elliot Richardson gently cupped his hands as if he were holding in them the world's most precious treasure and just an empty plastic coffee cup. It was a vain sudden and unexpected gesture, almost compulsive, something one would not really expect from this usually self-controlled Swamp Yankee from Boston. "You see," he said, pouring wistfully into his hands, "this is how I sometimes see the United States—I feel that it was my fate as placing its future in my hands." Then he smiled self-consciously, almost embarrassed by what he had said, and added quickly: "But I'm not sure I'm worthy of it."

It was a sunny Saturday morning in mid-March and we were driving from Detroit to Boston, a quick jet hop to New England and another jet on Richardson's exhausting political pilgrimage that in the first half of this year took him, road to road and from the Deep South to the upper Middle West, in twenty-four states, with return speaking engagements in many. A few minutes earlier, when Richardson was kindly away from his first-class window seat, a pretty young airline hostess named Cathie asked us to see "Do you think your traveling companion is going to run for President?" she asked. I replied that I had no idea. "Well," Cathie said with grave finality, "you'd better tell him we need an honest man like Mr. Richardson in the White House."

Yes, people? Not yet, certainly, though Cathie is far from being alone in this country in believing in Elliot Richardson. A generous number of his admirers think that this unassuming Harvard Law School graduate came inside who seemed so national prominence during last October's "Saturday Night Massacre," naming as Attorney General rather than the Archibald Cox or Nixon's order as a Special Watergate Prosecutor, would make a fine President and should go after the job. He is brilliant, personally attractive, very sensitive from birth (which means independence when it comes to the perils of corruption in politics) and intensely experienced in government. He stands as the symbol of integrity in Washington's rotten political environment. Still, all this may not be enough at this point to lure over Republican leaders. Yes, Richardson is a Republican and last March only four percent of G.O.P. county chairmen expressed their preference for him) and to electrify the voters into a Swift Richardson movement in its present confusion, the party needs to sort out its

thoughts. And, for one thing, Richardson is not the electrifying type in, say, the Jack Kennedy mold. To some people, he is pleasantly sophisticated and bewitched. When he appeared as the main speaker early in March at a big Washington black-tie dinner, the *Washington Post* society reporter (in Washington, politics is society) gave him reasonably good marks, yet, probably thinking of the telegenic Kennedy-type charmers, added pessimistically, "But does it play in Peoria?"

Well, in our travels together, and afterward, I found a surprising number of Americans, many of them reasonably sophisticated and politically experienced, who are quite intrigued by the idea of a Richardson candidacy in 1976 and would be ready to work for him. He is liberal and moderate, and he seems to know what he is talking about. Thus early support comes largely from professional groups and colleges and universities, where Richardson has been skillfully ascending his message that there must be "confidence in government" in America, probably a tall order in this day and age. At the Harvard Law School, hardly a Republican bastion, he was a teaching success before an S.R.D. audience.

Given the current mood in the country, as we saw it during our travels, his brand of political approach may, indeed, "play in Peoria," or wherever the typical American voter is supposed to be. After two years of Watergate, the energy crisis, the layoffs and inflation, the country seems to thirst for seriousness and responsible answers rather than gibes and what we have come to call "style." Kennedy, who was the man for his day, turned up various moods with overwhelming style. Nixon offered much gibes and little style. Elliot Richardson may have his greatest strength in a cerebral kind of seriousness. He may not send these things down the rafters, but he may make them think—and vote for him.

Furthermore, contrary to the stereotyped image he has somehow acquired, Richardson is far from being a stuffed-shirt elitist. He is tall and, at fifty-three, retains the athlete's trim figure. Though his manner explains why he appears a bit swish, women find him good-looking, albeit some of them will say that he would have more sex appeal if he were less stiff, if he would relax more. He has also been told that he should not look into television cameras with the frozen expression that he might wear while delivering a brief



Photograph by Arnold Newman

A Game Without Children

by Rick DeMarinis

Just as well—since there is nothing to learn from it

Nina Weems wakes, thinking *quien*. The boy hangs on her, descending, the silent master of his face rigid. In the sun, next to the pool, lying on the dry prickly grass, she has been heretofore appliance dream: the smooth porcelain surface, the male wire of arteries, the precise subduing of cycling mechanisms, the stress of hidden mechanical underpinnings that schedule unerring processes, the intimacy of the alternating currents' heat. She has just touched the refrigerator's handle, the cold welcome of chrome, when she wakes. She shades her eyes against the bright sky. The boy is looking at her. *Spies*, she thinks, her heart believing it. *Spies!* The descent of the boy is windowless and slow. He hangs on visible thread, the trajectory of his fall slow and steep, wind-guided, perpendicularly. She reaches for her robe, succeeds only in opening herself to closer inspection, but he has already passed overhead and is now dropping behind the row of young eucalyptus trees that barriers her property. His legs are heavily padded. He wears jump boots. He is belted and gloved. A harness catches him in flight, its angular wings. The wings are made of white fabric ribbed with aluminum slats. When he passes over her he goes and attempts a quiver, but only his elbows move. His hands are tightly committed to the handrails that guide his flight. His smile waxes against the frozen concentration of the rest of his face. She has not covered herself in time at all, and when her fear passes she throws the robe aside and crouches, but not hunches, between his white machines, he is gone.

The game of blind catch is particularly suitable to hot weather, as it requires no skill and little thought. The rules are laid out that each player *owns every hand except his own*. If he wins, it is cheap and entirely blind (well, Nina put the game book back on the shelf and returned to the party. The men were becoming political. Her husband, Walt, looked bored. "We need men in high places who take corruption for granted," he said. "If you want to survive, you start from there." A man who was very drunk, an informant, said, "You told, Weems." He was telling his drink on himself but so he called it to his attention. The women had moved into the kitchen. Louella Storchak was making coffee. The conversation, which had been about something else, changed slightly. "This house," someone said. "Nina, you absolutely *own* it!" Someone else said, "One hand of seventy three." Nina took the deck of cards out of the odds-and-ends drawer, cut to the five

of clubs, put them back. "Look at that! It's back again," said a woman she did not know. Someone held Nina's hand up. The ring had once belonged to the Duchess of Bonagosa. It was a large, ornate, black stone. There was a hidden slot that opened a secret compartment. When the conversation shifted to heterosexual couples, Nina turned her back to the others, passed the hidden slot, and poured a grating blue powder into her drink. She went to the double glass doors, slid them apart, and stepped into the subterranean. There was no wind but something was moving in the branches of the fountain machinery. Nina closed the door. There was a dark shape fastened to the narrow trunk about halfway up and obscured by the leaves and branches. The noise faded behind the row of eucalyptus. The air was so wet with night-blooming jasmine. The dark shape in the machinery too spoke to her.

"What is this place called?" it asked.
"Clashed de Sadeville," she said.
"What does it mean?"
"It means City of Excess, but the developer doesn't encourage liberal translation."
"The same word in two languages often produces independent responses. Is that what the developer says?"
Nina said, "My husband is the developer."
Nina walked to the pool. The figure in the tree came down, breaking small branches in its descent, a sheet of sticky rain wearing heretofore-glassed. He followed Nina to the edge of the pool and stood next to her. He slipped his arms around her waist. "Are we old friends?" Nina asked. He took her glass and drank from it. Nina thought about the grainy powder but did not speak. The inside of his throat caught her breath. "My name is Mel Cantarin," he said. "I used to be a priest, S.J., but now I teach moral physics at the University of California."

She pushed his hand away and climbed the steps to the diving platform. Mel Cantarin followed her. On the platform he turned in dangerous circles, warning his arms. "All this," he said, "was coded, in rap circles."
"Are you an ecologist or something?" Nina asked.
"No. An ecologist." He sat down and unlaced his shoes. "This caused *gross* entropy." He pulled off his socks and then his shorts. "It upsets the coming *dead* equilibrium." He stood up and unbelcked his belt. His pants fell to his feet. "I've kind of real energy. It's a *stunned* fallon." He stood on his toes and inflated the light of a bird. "Turning and turning in the widening gyre," he recited over and over in a reckless lunge, said his slowing took him to the edge of the

platform and beyond it. He struck the water at a comic angle and sank to the bottom of the pool where he sat throwing slow-motion jabs and appetites. He still had his glasses on. Through the water's green lens he seemed elongated—a hairy giant having spasms. He looked up, blinded by the underwater lamps, to where she had been standing, and waved. But Nina had left. She went to the garage and started the Alfa. She backed it out of the semi-circular driveway. For the rest of the evening, she drove through the development, slowly, concentrating hard on the mechanics of driving, repeating the names of streets aloud: Tamar, Pines, Neptune, Corolla, Rialto, Gracie.

A hill stretched with granite boulders forms the north wall of Clashed de Sadeville. An eight-foot wall of white brick runs out of the rest of the development from the drying hills of thistle, mesquite, sage, yarrow, amaranth and royal. Seventeen miles of two-lane highway connects the development to La Cienega, the nearest town. The highway has twenty-eight curves, four steep grades, one crossroad that leads, in one direction, to the sea, and in the other, to the desert. Motion and sound are absent. Once a day, a passenger jet chafes the sky. This happens at five minutes past noon, every day except Sunday. Nina does not like the sound of this jet. At noon, she goes into a bathroom, turns on the shower and gets within in her ears. When his machine has passed, she takes the cotton coil, turns off the shower, listens. If the silence has closed in again, she goes out to the kitchen and turns herself a sandwich and begins to think about dinner.

Walt is easy to please. Salaberry steak with steamed vegetables is his favorite meal. He was not born with money. His success has come in recent years. Walter Kenneth Weems, developer. He is tall, athletic, fifty. He was an all-convict in prison. He has his own Cessna to Los Angeles.

San Diego, Palm Springs and Las Vegas. He has an asphalt airstrip just outside the walls of the development. Walt and Nina have been married nine years. Nina is thirty-eight. "I'm a lucky woman," she tells herself, knowing that it is true.

"There is a man here to see Mr. Weems," said the guard of the gate. "Soon he'll meet Mr. Electro-Tell." Nina had the guard open Electro-Tell. "What does it mean?" she asked herself. "Mr. Weems is in the house," she said. She heard the guard tell this to the man. The guard was arrogant and quietly threatening. He was a professional protector of the wealthy. "Mr. Weems," he said, "he wants to see you, if that's okay. Shall I get rid of him?" Nina hesitated. She repeated the word Electro-Tell to herself. "No," she told the guard. "Send him up." The guard didn't speak or hang up. Then he said, "Mrs. Weems, you're sure?" "I'm sure," she said.

She hung up and waited. She could not sit. Finally she heard his car. She sat on the sofa and picked up a magazine. She looked through it hurriedly, then looked through it again, reading the number of each page aloud. The doorman rang. She let it ring again. Twice, then answered it. A tall, glowering man stood before her holding a heavy black case.

"You're a Negro," she said.
"Correct," and the man, aggressively.
"Then Virgil did right," she said.
"Virgil is the tiny Prussian at the gate!" he asked.

"Correct," said Nina.
"My name is Joseph Zermorens, field representative for Electro-Tell Incorporated. Home security systems."
Nina opened the door wider so that he could bring in the bulky case. She sat on the couch and Joseph Zermorens knelt on the floor next to the case. He released his several clasps and raised the lid. He spread his long narrow hands over it, palms up, and said, "Well, Mrs. Weems." He took out a wrist-time instrument. "Finally," he said, "Tel is



look at the Portable Interrogator. It provides instant answers to your security questions, regardless of your location relative to the intruder." He opened the instrument and leashed a red button. A light began to flash. He closed it and returned it to the case. "Securidex," he said, "we have the Congressional Assassin. Any sound, within or beyond the range of human hearing, is instantly analyzed for content and purpose." He held up a narrow panel with small notes on it. "And these," he said, holding two bean-size objects in his other hand, "you place in your ears. Remote detectors." He received a larger response from his case. It had movable parts. A device telescoped out of one of the parts. An ear-shaped housing was mounted on a tripod. Joseph Esquerme pressed a toggle and the eye-shaped housing began to rotate. A high-pitched whine began to fill the room. One of the components there were dials that gave readings in terms of arithmetic, ramps, elevation, and decibels. "Remote Inaudible Discriminator," he said, in explanation. Nina looked at him without understanding. "A laser penetration device," he said. "The probe will automatically seek a responder. The laser, for example, of your neighbor's house across the street. Sound produced within will modulate, through the resonator, the beam's frequency. This modulation is translated into intelligible information by the receiver. See? I demonstrate." Nina repeated the mechanical procedure of the receiver in her back where they joined the spine. Her breathing increased. Joseph Esquerme did not look at her but he was smiling as if he had seen deeply into her heart. She took the earphones he offered her. They were enormous and heavily cushioned. Joseph Esquerme went to the window and opened the drapery. He moved the meters on the control panel. He made an adjustment. The rotating probe stopped. In the earphones Nina heard the voice of Louella Sternbach say, "You eat that, Hajah, or mamma will restrain your leg!" Louella Sternbach had a high-pitched, shrill voice. Hajah laughed and growled. Joseph Esquerme looked at Nina. "A marvelous sentence," he said. "A vile necessity, but we must yield to all the possibilities of our arts, correct?" Louella Sternbach said, "Oh, please Hajah, I'm in such a state! You are making mamma suffer deliberately!" Nina removed the earphones. For the first time she noticed that Joseph Esquerme's head was shaved. "You are a misogynist man," she said.

"Correct," he said, and, anticipating her next question, added, "Though you despise the pag, you love the hair."

"If that's your attitude, what makes you think I will buy any of your devices?"

"For the same reason I sell them, Mrs. Weissman. Yours is metaphysical and mine is physical, but there is a link between the two, isn't there? You agree?" He smiled and bowed. Nina put the earphones back on her head. Louella Sternbach was still talking to her dog. "But I do love you, bunny lockness," she said, and began to weep, copiously, with joy, sobbing.

In their nine years of marriage, Nina had never seen Weli angry, really angry. They had driven over to La Cortes for a late-afternoon drink. Someone in the town's only tavern had set off a string of fireworks close to the Weissman's table. Weli turned white, his irritation whitening in his glass, the bridge of his nose, white. The man started to light more fireworks. It was the Fourth of July. There had been a parade. The tavern was filled with men and women in costume. A red-faced man dressed in the Patriotic Re-

publican had joined them at the table. He was drunk and had touched Nina several times with his metallic glove, wrinkling momentarily. Once he whispered into her ear: "I've had my eye on you for some time. I can fix it." More fireworks went off. Weli stood up, shaking with rage. He found the man with the fireworks and took away his matches. The man slipped Weli on the chest, weakly. Weli spun the man around and knocked him down. A heavy woman grabbed Weli by the shirt and said, "Help." Weli knocked her down, too. Someone threw a glass of tequila into his face. A woman's hand from around began to play the national anthem. Nina pulled Weli out of the tavern. When they reached the Alfes they found a baby wrapped in newspapers, lying on the driver's seat. It was a Mexican baby, as more than a few weeks old. It was crying. Weli picked the baby out of the seat and handed it to the first woman he saw. He gave the woman a dollar. The old woman held the baby for a long moment, then shrugged her shoulders and put the baby down on the sidewalk, next to a dumptruck. "Soon as they smell you out, they take your pants down," said Weli, as he receded through the town.

There is a movie on short Lord Baltimore or somebody starring Tyrone Power or somebody. A flashback is trying to come over the mountains from the desert. The temperature is over one hundred and ten. The wind whistles in the eaves, archways, and easterly. Nina turns up the volume. The announcer says, "Maryland is such a pretty name for a state," and Nina is thinking about the truth of this sentiment. She pictures rolling green hills, cherry blossoms, fragrant ponds, sunlight, a man on horseback. "I pay no tribute to the past," says Lord Baltimore, or whoever. A wind chime falls into a cistern. Nina goes into the bathroom and turns on the shower. There is a noise the shower does not drown out. A long scraping, a clattering. Nina's nose turns the shower off and goes to the kitchen. The lines of the refrigerator are alive with wind. Beyond the trees, near the pool, there is a boy on his hands and knees, crawling desperately but making no progress. He is tangled in his wings. The wings are rising and falling in a way that Nina does not yet know. "I hit you anytime," says the boy. His nose is bleeding and his arms are scraped. Nina brings the boy into the cool house and makes him some cocoa. He is fifteen or sixteen, but small, delicate. He drops the cocoa silently at the kitchen table, looking from time to time, at the sliding glass door at his broken wings crashing alone in the grass. Nina says: "I ought to be very annoyed with you." The boy looks at her sheepishly. She touches his hair. She could be for playing in such dangerous weather. The boy weeps. He tells her about his wings, revealing a technical sophistication and a dedication to overpower flight that she finds moving. He speaks rapidly of anatomy, lift, interface stress, glide angle, metal fatigue, and thermal. Nina changes the subject. "What are you studying in school?" she asks. He tells her that history is his favorite subject. He finds that science classes are worthless because they are geared for those of marginal ability. He speaks of Portugal.

"Portugal," he says, his small voice hapturous, "is outside normal time and space. The sky is violet and red with premium machines. The air is quiet. Every one thinks to himself, Random speech is considered odd. There is no television. Each town has a huge radio that whispers instructions in the square. There is a place called the Cathedral of the Brain. Last sailors are taken there. It is not so. (Continued on page 178.)



Esquire's Summer Vacation Substitute

Remember summertime, when the livin' was easy, and the most difficult thing you had to do between June and Labor Day was to choose your ideal vacation spot and scram thither? When you could pack your gear and drive off to the old fishing hole and never for a moment fear you might not be able to find the gas to drive back home again? When you could turn your back on the country for three whole weeks and feel certain it would still be there waiting for you? Times change, don't they? Now, for 1974, Esquire presents this twenty-page mental vacation package, designed to help you get through a stationary summer with the minimum of sweat. After all, what do people travel for, anyhow? To see exotic sights? If that's the case with you, you have only to turn this page (Wait a minute! Not yet!) in order to feed your eyes on the exotic natives of metropolitan Brazil in their pathetically inadequate native bikini bottoms. To beat the heat, or to serve rare and unusual steaks thrills? If you're lucky enough—and most people are—in live in one of the thirty-one states containing a brewery, just sign up with us for Esquire's beer drinker's tour of America on page 86. To fill your mind to overflowing with new and educational experiences? In that event, the eight pages of exasperating, yet seductive mental amusements staring on page 90 will not only give your head a workout, they will easily expand to fill all the spare time you may happen to have available from now till Christmas. Finally, if by Christmas you still think you need to take some kind of a trip somewhere, summer will just be getting started in New Zealand; and on page 98, Richard Joseph explains why once an American gets to New Zealand, he's lucky if he ever gets back again. All right, ready? Thanks for waiting, now turn the page and start the armchair vacation of a lifetime while there's still some summer left; Labor Day may be closer than you think.

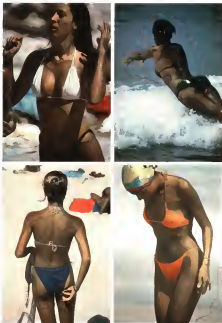




Day One: Sight-seeing

Using as little energy as possible, go out on the porch with a gin and tonic and get ready to fly down to Rio. Okay, you're there, so take a look at the opposite page. These bikini are worn on the beach at Ipanema and no other place on the coast, including Ilha de Tróia and, yes, even the swinging Mariposa. Above, the beach in question, the one with the interesting geological configuration.





The Brazilian girl, good Catholic all, never goes around naked. They're content to just be there, though sometimes they go up to take a dip, stretch their muscles, or adjust themselves modestly (see above, if you haven't already done so). At Ipanema, it's all sun, sex and health, and the girls, well, the girls are by far the cutest little thing in the world. On that note, let's leave





Day Two: Cooling-off Period

by Nathaniel Benchley

Esquire's first-ever American regional beer survey

Esquire's note: Whooey! Not enough for you out there on the front porch? Maybe you'd better put your desk chair away, wipe off your brow and come in out of the sun and meet our friend here, He's Mr. Benchley, and as soon as your eyes are adjusted to the dark you'll see that in front of

him are septem beer bottles—not just any common beer bottles either, but authentic American regional beers, from breweries between mid-west and ting, like you can't hardly find anywhere unless you happen to live in just the right place. Fortunately, most Americans live

close enough to the right place so they can meet their nation ends and look down their noses at the native sons of the outlanders on the other side of the mountain. Beer—that's what America is all about, by golly! And it's what Mr. Benchley's article on the next page is all about too.

I just fall, an encouraging-forum correspondent took a case of the leading American beer to the Munich Oktoberfest, with the idea of getting Bavarian beer drinkers' impression of our product. To a man, they expressed amazement that anything so light and watery could be called a beer, and some realized it was sold speculatively about where it had really come from. These guesses ranged from the physiological to the political, and some of them were even sexually complimentary.

What this points up is the simple fact that Americans like their beer (and their liquor) bland, the most successful brewers are those that turn out a product which everybody likes and not many can really object to. It is, to use an expression in the industry, *low-mover's beer*—you know the lawn, but down a slope, and there's a lot of cold efficiency in the stomach, a sudden starting of sweat on the brow, and back to the lawn mower. The throat has been quenched, but no particular taste has been noticed in the process.

The four most productive American breweries are Anheuser-Busch, which brews Budweiser and Michelob, with an annual output of 160,000,000 bottles, Schlitz, with 130,000,000, Pabst, with 115,000,000, and Coors, which used to be one of the small, regional brewers, with a whopping 11,000,000. The Coors company, which averaged the Prohibition years by making salicylate and chemical products, has a family brewery in Golden, Colorado, where it turns out a premium beer that is light but not watery and has a tartness of its own. It is largely grown in Czechoslovakia. Coors has a flavor all its own.

However, in addition to the large, national distributors and Coors (who is still at the top, as yet), is still primarily a Western brew, there are a number of smaller, regional brewers, and in some of these can be found a greater variety of taste. Not that taste is everything in a matter as far as beer is concerned, but in this country there are almost certain to be local beers to sample. They vary in their characteristics just as in real vases, but some have outstanding qualities and are worth making note of.

To sample some of these, and to

establish a loose ranking of personal preference, I sat down with three local tastings of beer, selected by Response on a regional basis from among smaller brewers. I sipped them more or less at random and, with the aid of palate-cleansing sips of water between sips, came out with the following list, with a fair idea of what I liked and what I didn't. (The first beer I ever drank was green 3.3 beer in Boston's North Station in 1904, since that time I have written two or three articles on the subject and have sampled the beer in such diverse places as England, France, Italy, Panama, Yugoslavia, the Philippines, Germany, Canada, and about the German ships everywhere, and Europe, so I have a reasonably good notion of what pleases me and what doesn't.) It seems clear the choice among the regional American beers was hard to make, and in others it was easy, the votes on one brand read simply "a burned mattress," and on another, "a taste of old portwine-sweet, but with a sourish overlay." Toward the end of the session a certain uneasiness began to develop, so some were resampled on succeeding days. The results changed only slightly, if at all. The ones that are listed here are those I liked better than the others, and if anyone asks why I liked them better, I shall ask him to explain his taste in neckties.

Raise this as all a matter of personal preference, it must be stated it is all a matter of preference. As for Tuleague—of the Eastern variety. It is slightly richer than any, Budweiser, but doesn't have enough gutsiness to leave an aftertaste. (It should be pointed out that Tuleague, originally a Danish beer, is brewed by Carling, under license, in three places in the United States—Baltimore, Maryland, Frankmouth, Michigan and Tacoma, Washington—and hence qualifies as a regional American beer. The Tacoma version is thinner, and this is accounted for by the odd lot proving that that sample in the West proved these beer lighter than those in the East. Yes, Oklahoma, and the Philadelphians also go for the lighter brew, for reasons that nobody can readily explain.) This confession of personal taste will allow brewers whose products are not covered by this beer to say, "Well, after all, if he likes Tuleague, what can you expect?"

Sharply different from Tuleague—or any other beer, for that matter—is a product of San Francisco called Anchor Steam Beer, which has been brewed there since 1896 and tastes

about halfway between a lager and an ale. (The main difference between the two is the yeast used in the brewing, the difference in flavor is that ale is generally darker and drier tasting.) It contains only barley malt, hops, and water, and no corn or rice (which is lighter and less of an artificial carbonation). Its name, "Steam," is a brewer's word for the buildup of pressure in the natural process of carbonation, and the product has a good, creamy head and a smoky and sharp taste. It is definitely not a low-mover's beer; it is meant to be sipped slowly.

Another beer that is somewhat like Eastern Tuleague, but slightly milder, is Royal Amber, brewed by the George Washington Brewing Company of Newport, Kentucky. Its "tastiness" is meant anything that is not too golden, light, and in the sense of dranginess; Royal Amber has not as strong a taste as Steam, but is stronger than Tuleague. It stood high among the thirty-eight tested.

The lightest of the beers I tasted—light here does not connote any sense of being watery—in Pickett's Premium beer, of Delongue, Iowa. For what it may be worth, the water used in Pickett's comes from a well 1882 feet below the ground (the water used in Coors comes from Rocky Mountain springs some 5000 feet up, so that water is probably as light as light and dry as it may be expected of one brewed to the westward. The Pickett company, which is pretty much a family operation, just about the size of that of Tuleague Company and will continue to put out Star beer and Vat 5 beer, neither of which rated in the present survey. Pickett's Half is splendid.

Back on the Eastern seaboard, there is Copenhagen Cattle, brewed in Trenton, New Jersey, for the Copenhagen Cattle Beer Corporation of New York. This brew is unique in that it tastes very little of the usual beer ingredients; it has a fruitier flavor, faintly sweet, but clean and gentle. The fact that the yeast used is imported from Copenhagen may or may not have anything to do with this. It is a bit darker in color than Budweiser or Pickett's and comes in a clear bottle (which I mention because it wouldn't be kept here the light, for that it will go cloudy. Dark-colored beer is a subject best left to this unhappy event).

The testing note for Walter's Beer, from the Walter Brewing Company of Port Jervis, is held as not much like it may be expected, "Pine #1," which meant it went in the top category of a half dozen or so, and that was of all resampling the water, it turned out, as might have been expected, to be light, dry, and not particularly effervescent. On a third sampling, it turned out to be even lighter. Walter, an eighty-four-year-old company, also brews a dark beer, called Redwagon, which I am incapable of judging for the simple reason that I don't like dark beers. This is not to imply they're bad; I just don't like them. I don't like orange and banana cream pie. And the very, by now it's my loss.

Another brewer of both light and dark is C. Schmidt and Sons of Norristown, Pennsylvania, who put out the Prater's Golden Lager and the Double Dark. As indicated above, the dark cannot be here evaluated,

although those who like such beers find a great deal to be said for it. The light, which is called as "Casual Lassy," is like Walter's but with a slightly more delicate taste. When you get into the really light beers, it's like saying that there are differences between them.

Two more in the same general category are Ulica Club, put out by the West End Brewing Company of Utica, New York, and Koshler, a product of the Erie Brewing Company of Erie, Pennsylvania. The Erie company has been in existence since 1847, which makes it one of the oldest brewers in the country. (Ulica Club was brewed in 1880, the oldest.) Both beers are light, dry, and palatable, but if forced to differentiate between them, I'd say that Ulica Club is the smoother of the two. And that in a shading of particularly light, the taste of Ulica Club Koshler seems more toward the taste of Budweiser. (Budweiser is

used as a yardstick here because it's the most widely known and easily tested of the group.)

Yarmouth, referred to above, is brewed in Portville, Pennsylvania, and, it too, is on the light side, although neither and slightly sweeter than the others—again in the matter of a fraction of a degree. When you taste them back to back the difference is obvious, but wait an hour between tastings and you might have to taste a while to tell one from the other.

One beer that could never be mistaken for any other is Pils or Pilsener, brewed by the Geesee Brewing Company of Rochester, New York, since 1880. It is a very heavy American beer, Pils or Pilsener is a full-bodied, really flavor more like European beers than American. It's much lighter than Steam beer, but easier than, say, Walter's or any other that I listed. It has most of the better beers in "Germanized"; that is, (Continued on page 170)

Westward Ho: A finding list, starting at the East Coast

New York, N.Y.: Copenhagen Cattle. Actually brewed in New Jersey, but available only in Gotham and its boroughs and suburbs; on premises at the Moose Court on West 42nd Street (and at other outlets beginning with Manki), and through about a dozen retail beer distributors in New York and vicinity.
 Ulica, N.Y.: Ulica Club. Draft and bottled in New York State except New York City, also Vermont and the Brantzen area.
 Rochester, N.Y.: Pils or Pilsener. Available in draft and bottle just about everywhere in the state several metropolitan New York, also Pennsylvania except Philly, Ohio except Cincinnati, eastern Indiana and a lot of New England.
 Narragansett, Pa.: Pils or Pilsener. Draft and bottled all over Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, and in major cities in New York State.

Bredford, Pa.: Redwagon Premium. Draft and bottled in every big Pennsylvania city, bottles in New Jersey, Delaware, and parts of Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Long Island.

Pottsville, Pa.: Yarmouth. On tap and bottled in Schuylkill County, Pa.; bottled elsewhere, chiefly in Maryland and Atlantic City.

Lafayette, Pa.: Volving Rock. Most places east of Tennessee, but not

easy to find outside Ohio. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland; bottles and cans only.
 Erie, Pa.: Koshler. On tap in western Pennsylvania, Buffalo, and generally within about a hundred miles of Erie; bottled as far as most of Ohio and other areas in upstate New York.

Baltimore, Md.: Tuleague. Draft and bottled just about everywhere, but not in New York State with the same label as manufactured west (see below). National Premium. All of Maryland, draft and bottled. Also bottles in Alexandria, Va., and the Chesapeake Bay area.
 Cincinnati, Ohio: Schenckling. Draft and bottled in Cincinnati, Columbus and Dayton; bottles in larger towns in Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, and in Detroit and Monroe, Mich.

Newport, Ky.: Royal Amber. Draft and bottled in the greater Cincinnati area; bottles only in Dayton, Columbus, Louisville and Lexington.

Frankfort, Mich.: Tuleague. Eastern formula; see Baltimore above and Tacoma below, and which it

Chippewa Falls, Wis.: Leisegang. Draft and bottled in the upper Michigan peninsula, and within a hundred-mile radius of Chippewa Falls; bottle here in 81

Pearl, Madison and other Wisconsin cities, and Seattle, Ill.
 Cold Spring, Minn.: Cold Spring. Draft and bottled in Minnesota and Fargo, N.D.; bottles and cans in Chicago, Ill., Cedar Rapids and Sioux City, Iowa, and Phoenix.

Delaware, Iowa: Pickett's Premium. Draft and bottled generally in Iowa, plus Rock Island, Ill., and all of Great Country. Wile. Bottles in East Dubuque, Ill.; Point and Prairie du Chien, Wis. Pacific, Colo.: Walberg's. Draft and bottles most significant place in Colorado, except Denver; bottles in New Mexico, Omaha, and Chicago, for heavier sale, Calif.

Seattle, Wash.: Smoother. Draft and bottles in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and as far east as Portland, Anchorage and Fairbanks, Alaska.
 Tacoma, Wash.: Tuleague. This is Western-style Tuleague, somewhat lighter than the Midwest and Maryland versions. See above.
 Olympia, Wash.: Olympia. Bottles and draft everywhere in the West, plus bottles only in Guam, Hawaii and Newmarket.

San Francisco, Calif.: Anchor Steam. On draft in San Francisco Bay Area and somewhat in Los Angeles and Sacramento; in the area around the Bay, also Phoenix, Reno, Tucson and Las Vegas.

Day Three: Learning the Language

Call in the family. Invite the neighbors for a drink. We challenge the lot of you to play The Whatchamacallit Game.



9. What do you call the hollow lamp in the bottom of a wine bottle?



10. The thingamajig on top of a taxi cab. (This one's easy.)

11. The connect/disconnect buttons of a telephone.



12. The big sparkly rotating globe in a ballroom.



14. What the baker uses to sprinkle powdered sugar on your doughnuts.



13. The tip at the end of your shoelaces, now usually plastic.



If you were going abroad this summer, you'd take along a little book telling you what things are called in a foreign language, and we'd understand. But you're staying at home, and we bet you don't even know the names of American things in plain old English. On these four pages we describe a whole batch of everyday things—mashers, doorknobs, gloves, diggers and widgets. All you have to do is come up with the correct name for each of them. The definitive answers are on page 106. Now, what do you call these things?

1. The metal doggy on a lamp that sticks up around the bulb and holds the shade.
2. The party favor that makes a pop when you pull on a paper strip.
3. The part of a disk covering the back of the hole that you can touch with your feet if you stick them out straight.
4. The plastic bubble on the end of a television-blind cord.
5. The gardening hand tool with small claws extending from the handle.
6. The part of eyeglasses that hooks around your ear.
7. The paper decorations you put over the ends of lunch cloths or cream sweats to fancy them up.
8. The typewriter mark that looks like this: /.

15. The metal arrangement you have to take off to get to the champagne cork.
16. The business end of a cuff link that you put through the buttonhole and fasten.
17. The penny candy that comes pasted on a paper strip.
18. Children's balloons in the shape of figures with attachable cardboard feet.
19. The lint that collects in the bottom of your pockets.
20. The large cactus with agraphi branches you always see in Wisconsin.
21. The thin flat pillow-like thing that's right above the drawers of an office desk.
22. The little wooden push-like affair with one stick extending up for a handle that comes with butter-paired knives, or (sometimes) sugar, in many restaurants.
23. The wooden gymnastics wall exercise equipment with uprights and horizontal rungs about every five inches.



36. The little silver sugar balls a baker uses to decorate a birthday cake.

24. The part of your nose above your lip that separates the nostrils.
25. The small rubber typewriter roller on the bar above the main roller.
26. A band worn around the upper arm like the one with a swastika on it that Hitler wore.
27. The thing that sticks up in the air across the rear of a stove behind the burners.
28. The curly part of a corkscrew.
29. The horizontal mark used to show a long vowel.
30. The long cloak with a hood like Little Red Riding Hood wore and members of the Process Church still do wear.



37. A tiny saucepan for melting butter.

31. The emblem of a publisher that he puts on his books.
32. The wide end of your tie that shows after you tie it.
33. The division in the middle of this magazine spread.
34. The fringed leather decoration on some shoes that covers the laces.
35. The round head trimming on the border of pajamas and bathrobes.



38. The yellow-droppings catcher on a candlestick.



39. The large ball that makes furniture roll.

41. The cleft in the middle of your upper lip.



42. The party favor that unravels when you pull on it.

40. The grocer's contraption to get down big packages.



Days Four **Five and So On:** **Big Game Safari**

Brainiacs
and for the extra smart
how big can be one!

The first puzzle in this series is a 3D version of the classic 15-puzzle. It's a cube made of 27 smaller cubes, each with a different color. The goal is to rearrange them into a specific pattern.

The second puzzle is a 3D version of the classic 15-puzzle. It's a cube made of 27 smaller cubes, each with a different color. The goal is to rearrange them into a specific pattern.

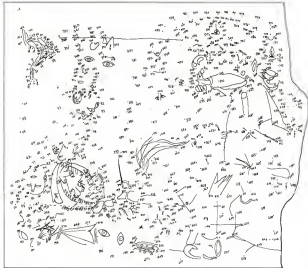
The third puzzle is a 3D version of the classic 15-puzzle. It's a cube made of 27 smaller cubes, each with a different color. The goal is to rearrange them into a specific pattern.

The fourth puzzle is a 3D version of the classic 15-puzzle. It's a cube made of 27 smaller cubes, each with a different color. The goal is to rearrange them into a specific pattern.

The fifth puzzle is a 3D version of the classic 15-puzzle. It's a cube made of 27 smaller cubes, each with a different color. The goal is to rearrange them into a specific pattern.



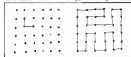
Here are four games you don't have to buy but can play right here, right now. Starting at extreme top left is *Pease*



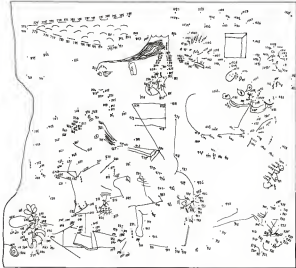
Off Course

This great postcard-paper game for two players was invented by Alex Randolph. The arena is a 36-dot square. There are two objectives. The first is to draw cooperatively a single closed-line circuit connecting all the 36 dots. The second is to win the game by being the person who draws the last line that closes the circuit. Players alternate moves, making a straight line, either vertical or horizontal, that connects two or more dots, depending on strategy. On the first move, however, the player draws two lines of any length he chooses, one vertical and the other horizontal (this overcomes the problem of asymmetrical play). Naturally no move will exceed a one-dot length. On any turn, instead of drawing a line, the player has the option of saying, "Off course!" This means that he believes a complete closed circuit of the dots has become impossible to make. At this point, the other player proceeds alone (trying to com-

plete a valid circuit). If he can do so, he wins the game; if not, he loses. There are 144 different ways to make a valid circuit of the 36 dots. With each of the 144 variations, what determines who wins the game by closing the circuit is, of course, how many dots the players link in any particular move. Examples of a possible opening move and a completed valid circuit are below. Okay, now it's your turn.



Kleinman's Link-the-numbers adaptation, 1138 dots which, when joined, will resemble . . . but that would be telling.



Dragon

In Walter Amberson's new match game, one player puts three matches anywhere on the playing area; they are obstacles called "mountains." Next, he positions two "dragons," three matches end-to-end. The other player chooses a dragon and moves first. He moves the dragon by picking up either of the end matches and adding it to the match at the opposite end. (Any single is okay, providing there's a thumb-width opening to the entire match.) Object: to maneuver your dragon to touch or cross the middle match of the other dragon. Turns alternate. Twice in a game, players may move twice in a turn; once, three times. Dragons can't cross mountains or the ends of the opponent's dragon.



The World's Best Word Game

Name: *Put Me On a Trip*. Object: To infer from the Traveler's clues their common destination. Rules: The Traveler decides on a thematic category and says, "I'm going on a trip and I'm taking . . ." He then gives a number of clues relating to his category. Examples: If the category is anything with double letters, he might give as clues "a doodle, some passion, oak trees and a c. cowboys." If birds, "the Japanese River, a creek, a U-turn, a baby hawking and a non-pose. Players ask the Traveler, "Are you taking such and such," getting a yes or no depending on whether their guesses fit the category. Finally, through inductive reasoning, they find the category. The Traveler adds additional clues upon demand. Some popular categories: anything singular or plural, animal, vegetable or mineral, round or square, present or past. Start with easy categories until the players get the hang of it, then get really tricky.

Optional Excursion: A One-way Ticket to New Zealand

by Richard Joseph

*If you've really got to travel this year,
here's where good Americans never come back from*

For hundreds of thousands of American travelers over the past decade, New Zealand has been so fascinating and even dangerous a destination—settling because its life-style raises serious questions about the validity of our own, and dangerous because it presents challenging alternatives. In many ways, New Zealand is a national extension of the values of America's dissenting generation: the stimulation of competition in favor of cooperation, the subordination of gross national product to environment, the movement from industrialized big cities back to smaller communities providing living closer to nature, the substitution of fresh air for factories, the preference for the quality of life to efficiency and convenience.

The contrasts are especially dramatic for the traveler combining visits to the Orient and the South Pacific. In Japan he finds a society worshipping the competition, conquering world markets, boasting its G.N.P. and per capita income, and providing an ever-increasing quantity and variety of gadgets—but at the expense of a crowd-herded existence for its people and the transformation of much of their once-beautiful countryside into industrial wastelands that fear sheer ugliness and pollution rival even the New Jersey flats across the Hudson from New York City.

More than sixteen thousand American emigrants have opted for New Zealand during the troubled Sixties and Seventies. The majority have liked what they found well enough to remain as residents, and many have taken up New Zealand citizenship. They have been content to trade economic opportunity for financial security, willing to settle for middle-class standards without the excellence often created by competition satisfied to accept a certain amount of national boredom and absence of intellectual stimulation as long as these drawbacks are accompanied by peace of mind and lack of pressure.

New Zealand is a land with only a handful of millionaires—but no grinding poverty; there are few handsome estates, either; there are three shores or ghettos; incomes are heavily taxed, but nobody worries about illness or old age. It is a country where the poorest can be miserable, but there's beef, lamb and fresh fruit and vegetables for everybody. New Zealand seems not

to share the world's worries about aerial hijacking. No passenger on domestic flights are searched, but this worrying sight is posed at the Christchurch airport—hand-luggage and decorated with wedding bells—"The throwing of conflicts in or around this building is strictly prohibited."

Most of the Americans have come primarily to enjoy what New Zealand has to offer rather than to escape problems at home, but Robert Johnston, a forty-five-year-old trade-journalist editor, settled in Auckland five years ago after he found life in Detroit no longer tolerable.

"The crime and violence were unbelievable," he said. "I stopped working late downtown because I worried about getting safely from my office to my car. Forty-eight people were killed in Detroit during the 1967-68 race riots. Armed guards were everywhere. Rowdiness and disorder among the students had forced the posting of policemen in the school buildings. And then there was the drug scene. The situation was building up, and I didn't want my two boys to have to go to school under these circumstances."

"Here in New Zealand my sons are doing better in school, and they believe the schools offer a far better education. The teachers make their class. They tell me, while in the States the teachers seem to be running on a constant popularity contest and education comes second. There's a generation gap, of course, but it's far less painful than in the U.S. The best I've observed doesn't come on until two a.m., thank God, and the latest sign-off is at midnight on weekends. [Color television came to New Zealand last October.] In Detroit I see families breaking up, but family life here is very important. Families do things together—swimming, camping. Food is cheap and so is travel—public charge about seven to nine dollars a day, double. There's no real winter, carwax and tent camping is popular, and hiking, too. We're not an outdoor facility especially, but my seventeen-year-old son and I belong to a local lawn club."

"I wanted to get away for as far as possible from the world's problems, and we have. The grilling-away part of it has worked, but New Zealand isn't for every American. Some would find it dull and too quiet. The sophisticated city dweller might find life here too con-



Jackson Rush, an San Francisco stockbroker



Former Oregonian Dennis Capell, right, works as a fisherman while saving up for his own ranch

fining. It's a man's country—a workaholic's country. To make it as an immigrant here, you've got to love the outdoors, be even-tempered and not ask too much of life, financially and in worldly goods."

Johnstone edits an automobile magazine and does a weekly radio show as part of his job as public-affairs director for the New Zealand Automobile Association. His salary, he says, is about one-third of the amount he was earning as editor of a magazine published by the Detroit Athletic Club.

"Living costs are lower in New Zealand, but not that much lower," he said. "Hard goods are more expensive here—a two-thousand-dollar car in the U.S. costs at least three thousand dollars in New Zealand. This is not a country to come to if you're broke. Most manufactured goods, such as furniture, are imported, and clothes are high; but once you've set up your home you can enjoy a very good life-style. Especially if you have enough money to buy land and a boat. Most Americans come here with that kind of money, but I didn't. I arrived at the age of forty without a job. Starting out from scratch in a new country at that age is a handicap, and I've never been able to catch up completely. [New Zealand does not usually accept immigrants above the age of forty-five.]

"I wish I had enough money to take the family traveling and to enjoy boating. We shoot around in a little old Austin, we rent a big old house that's cheap and has no dishwasher. But we're one of the few houses on our block with a clothes dryer. Some Americans here complain about not having things that a New Zealander never misses—and if they're visitors we don't see them again."

"One day here is pretty much like any other. Nothing much ever happens. I don't often get down, then up. The world is far away. Life here is a mixture of good and bad, but I've enjoyed the things I wanted to get away from. I'd never go back."

Nevertheless, Johnston intends to retain his American citizenship—even though he consistently refers to New Zealand as "home" and New Zealanders as "we."

On the other hand, Professor John H. Jensen and his wife have completed application for naturalization for New Zealand citizenship. Jensen is chairman of the history department at the University of Waikato in Hamilton, on New Zealand's North Island, and his wife is in her third year as a local teacher colleague.

"With our girls and with four girls and a boy at school, we're naturally very much involved in education here," Jensen said. "We feel that the New Zealand educational system is not only very good but getting a lot better. Schools have much more human, much more personal. About four hundred children attend a primary school, and each school has its own swimming pool and library. Classes are made up of twenty to twenty-five students."

"Many teachers have rural experience, so they're aware of the kids' family connections and special problems. They really live with them. On Saturdays the teachers devote their own time to helping the kids with sports, club drives to earn money for band instruments, and that sort of thing. They're really involved in the community."

"Back home the teachers earn two to three times the pay of New Zealand teachers, but I found in New York State that teaching was just a nine-to-three job; aside from those hours and occasional marking periods, the kids didn't count for the teachers. At the University of Pennsylvania and at Rutgers I had to use a microphone to lecture to three or four hundred students at a time, and I found that college students in the States were very often spoiled and lost with professors who were always off on leave, or crises. Here I lecture to about one hundred students divided into internals and externals averaging eight to a dozen students each."

"Still, running a university department here can be quite a strain. You don't have half a dozen professors who can sort of pass the work around among themselves. In New Zealand the head of a department does all the administrative work and carries a heavy teaching load at the same time."

"But at Auckland universities I feel I was on an economic as well as an academic treadmill. I found myself having to teach summer school and write textbooks just to keep up the payments on my house and car. And there were other problems. Living in a rather posh suburban area, we felt that not many people



Visitors people are John H. Jensen and Janet.



Left to right, Carl Hansen, Janet Jensen and Don Harris at three Radio Otago in Dunedin.



World War II veterans pilot Michael A. Lord and Janet at their interests home near Auckland.



John Fenton, formerly of Otago, now of Wellington.

shared our interests or some of values I was very active in the local Democratic Club and involved with the Race Relations Council, and it was very hard to see any progress being made. I felt I was working very hard and not having any real influence.

"New Zealand seemed to us to be a much more well-facilitated country and also a place where the cost of living was considerably lower. It still is, though it was much lower when we first came here nine years ago. Nevertheless, a year's university tuition still only costs about three hundred fifty dollars, and there's room for everybody. My daughter is on a scholarship so I figure that her year at the university will cost us between three and four hundred dollars, including her clothes, transportation back and forth from Wellington, phone calls home, and so on."

Thanks to a lack of financial pressure, Jensen believes, New Zealand life is less competitive and family relationships are less stressed than in the United States.

"A man has more time and energy left for his family here," he said. "Often he's able to go home for lunch. And it's easier to pursue cultural interests like music lessons for the kids. We pay about a hundred dollars for each of our two daughters' piano lessons, and that covers two lessons weekly throughout the year. When the kids go horseback riding it costs a dollar an hour. But unless the stables are busy there's no hurry to get the horses back, so often you can ride for hours at the same price. Children's clothes aren't a big expense item in New Zealand. The stores carry only a small selection, so mothers make a lot of the clothes themselves, dress designers and jeans."

"People here do a great deal of that sort of improving—exchanging houses and borrowing other people's tools, for instance. We spend our last twenty vacation at the beach cottage of friends—free."

"And I had a very expensive fishing weekend recently—it must have cost me all of twenty dollars! Four of us stayed at a camp on a very good Maori fishing lake where we paid the Maori two dollars a day for fishing rights. Best rental cost each of us two fifty a day, and we came back from a day and a half of fishing with twenty-two rainbow trout running three to five pounds apiece."

Dennis and Sharon Capell took up New Zealand citizenship as soon as they were there for long enough to qualify. And they too have no reservations about New Zealand life.

"I've been alive since I got here in 1968," Capell said. "When I arrived I felt that I belonged here, as though I'd been here before. New Zealand suited me."

The Capells seem to be completely assimilated into their new surroundings. Thirty-three-year-old Dennis, formerly a Pan American World Airways sales representative in Portland, Oregon, has hired himself out as a farmhand while he learns agriculture from a neighbor whose ranch grazes three thousand sheep and four to five hundred head of Hereford cattle.

"The only part of the job I don't particularly like is digging—shearing away the dried fecal matter that collects in the wall under the sheep's rear end and around worms. After I've dugged seven to eight hundred sheep, I admit that selling woolen tickets doesn't seem so bad. But all the rest of it is great. We live in a little cottage by the sea at Lenthed Beach, about twenty-eight miles north of Christchurch, and sometimes we walk right into the Pacific Ocean in front of our house with our clothes on. We never lock the house, even when we're going away for a while. Once when I was eating, I forgot my sweater and left it hanging on a hook in the changing room. I skirted all day and when I got back at night it was still hanging there. That's the sort of thing that keeps people from getting uptight in New Zealand."

"Sharon likes to spin wool in the living room while I read at night. No TV—we don't want it. When a friend loaned us a set, the kids complained that neither didn't read to them anymore. We found ourselves getting angry at them for making noise while we wanted to watch TV. It was a disruptive influence, so we gave the set back."

"We bet around in an old Land-Rover. Just about the only American things I miss are hot dogs and fried chicken, so whenever I get to Auckland or Hamilton I bring home a box of Kentucky Fried Chicken from the Colonel Sanders store there. My chairman of the school board that runs a school fifteen miles away—twenty-four kids in a two-room schoolhouse, six teach-

er, primary to high school. Now that we're New Zealand citizens I'd like to sit on the local council."

Meanwhile, the Capells are saving up to buy their own farm. "A couple of hundred acres or several thousand, depending on its productivity," Capell said, "with two thousand ewes and about one hundred head of cattle. We'll live there the rest of our lives."

They've gotten a good financial start by means of a typist's American, but typically New Zealand, business venture. Learning that school regulations in New Zealand required girls' shoulder-length hair to be tied back, Sharon designed a leather, American Indian-style hair tie and sold 13,000 of them, including exports to Australia. Having satisfied the demand for hair ties, the Capells now are planning to design and market a line of baby clothes.

Other emigrants, however, have been less successful in transplanting American ideas in New Zealand. Another Portland, Oregon, couple, John and Susan Furber—a husband-and-wife writer-and-photographer team—has been moonlighting radio broadcasts, taping their for advertising clients and free-lancing articles for American newspapers and magazines. Furber was trying unsuccessfully to get a telephone call through to the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation when I visited their small office in downtown Wellington.

"It's laugh trying to make a living in our sort of work down here," Furber told me. "The whole scene is frustrating—this phone call is just an example. People here are just too slow-moving for us to be able to operate effectively. We may have to move on."

And Stoddard Rush, a former San Francisco stock broker, seems to have collided heavily with New Zealand ways of doing things. Princeton '58 and a descendant of two signers of the Declaration of Independence, Rush tried to find in New Zealand echoes of some of the problems that were troubling him at home.

"Part of the frustration of my life was a lack of the feeling of creativity," he told me. "One day I said to myself, 'Well, Jesus Christ, I'm a financial success. I'm a millionaire. I deal with other people's companies. Other people's stocks. I take a commission for buying and selling stuff. I have no primary function.' I'd had it—I was really uptight."

"I have a basic philosophy—if you don't like something, you have two options—you can try to change it or you can get the hell out and try to apply your talents where you think they'll do the most good. I took my wife on a trip to New Zealand and I fell in love with the place. This was not a rejection of American values, but I felt that New Zealand could benefit from some of the standards of excellence our system of free enterprise produces, and that maybe I could make a contribution in this regard."

Rush resolved to build the world's most magnificent fishing resort in the Lake Te Anau region of South Island, spending \$5,000,000 in the process—and has problem seems to be that he succeeded too well. The luxury of his Tahara Club—swimsuit refreshers, five cottages, a swimming pool, tennis, ballroom, room and library; the best French wines, Georgian silver and crystal in the dining room, an Austrian chef in the kitchen, electric mattresses in the bedrooms, and gold furniture in the bath—clashed with the middle-class standards of the egalitarian country. His rate of about \$125 (New Zealand) a day, double (about \$164 U.S.), is outrageously high, he critics say, and makes the resort unaffordable for any New Zealanders.

"Refinement," Rush told me. "The rate covers everything—gas, transportation and the finest fishing gear and gear for deer hunting, and it's not at all out of line with comparable resorts anywhere in the world. And I have plenty of New Zealand guests who love the place. The United is introducing an element of elegance in tourism here, and I think I've succeeded."

Nevertheless, Rush's operation seems to have stirred up the mild but persistent anti-Yankies felt by a few New Zealanders, some of it dating back to World War II and some aroused by American intervention in Indochina. Government officials have spoken out against having what they term a playground for rich Americans in their midst, and the press has sometimes given Rush some rough treatment. Despite the fact that Rush has set up and is supporting a scholarship to enable young New Zealanders to study conservation and ecology abroad and, to protect the scenic integrity of the surrounding area, has power lines underground and wooded his low-lying buildings with grass-growing turf, one paper described (Continued on page 102)



PORTRAIT OF HEAVEN BY LUPUS

The eighth in a series by contemporary artists

"Heaven is the animals taking over the world. The animals are birds, because for a long time I painted mostly ducks and flamingos. This duck, for example, has 'Grey Duck Ghost' written on his back. The chicken general steps on man, represented by an Egyptian. The blasted bombers are a backup force. The little alligator in front is a mascot."—L.

They Laughed when I Invented the Cocktail Party

by Alec Waugh

An exclusive report on the greatest social innovation of the twentieth century, by the innovator himself

It is my belief and boast that I invented the London cocktail party—in April, 1926.

At that time I considered myself to be, and in retrospect I feel I was, a fate-favored mortal. I was approaching the close of my un- and over-thrilled year. In July, 1917, when I was a frothing rebel in France, I had published a novel—a realistic study of English public-school life that proved a succès de scandale and in England a best seller. It is difficult to follow up a first success, but now, seven years later, I was beginning to get my second wind. I had published a couple of novels and a collection of short stories, which had encouraged critics to believe that I was not a one-book man. I was employed two days a week as literary adviser to the venerable publishing house of Chapman and Hall, of which my father was managing director. I sold about stories to the little magazines. I had no qualms about appearing on credit note in *Savoy Row* and shorts in *George Street*. I had a two-room service flat in Kensington. As a cardmaker and a Rugby footballer, I kept myself in training. I had also survived a rash experiment in matrimony that left me uncontented with matrimony. The world seemed to be a fairly confident place.

It had been argued in 1919 that the war, that would end war had been followed by the peace that would end peace, but that was a very distant cloud on the horizon. There might be unemployment and labor disputes but we could look forward to a relatively calm ten years. Most people were making enough money to enjoy themselves. No one took anything too seriously. There was a general atmosphere of light-hearted, sophisticated detachment. The pace was being set by the comedies of *Frederick Lamond—the Age-Well, Arriv! We All, The Land of Mrs. Chapman Michael Arden's The Green Hat* was in the press. In tiny nightclubs, close-clamped couples were swaying to Noel Coward's dance tunes. Anger under forty and in reasonable health had ample cause for feeling grateful that he had survived the war.

Myself, I had only one very minor grievance: that for men who did not go to office—and at that time in London there were quite a number of young men who did not—there was nothing to do on winter evenings between half-past five and seven. Some hotels staged this dinner, but dining in not very satisfactory when there is no bottle cooling beside your table in a steamy bachelors' hall. There were formal tea parties, and tea is a very English thing with a great deal of special food—crumpets, hot scones, Paton's Peppermint-wiches, currant cakes. It has been said that the two

best meals in England are tea and breakfast, but tea parties, I felt, should be reserved as a Sunday-afternoon indulgence. One does not, on a weekday, want to be faced with so much food so soon after lunch. Arrive, tea parties were over at six o'clock.

I divided on this topic the evening to C. B. W. Newman, the painter, and his wife, Kathleen. "What are you really," I said, "is some kind of a party that starts at half-past five, that lasts ninety minutes, at which alcohol is served but not much food?"

"What kind of alcohol?" Kathleen asked. "Something short, not whisky and sodas. Short in *Modern*. Why not a cocktail?"

"Why not?" The idea appealed to the Newmans. They were great party givers and partisans. They had, they said, been planning to celebrate the opening of the season at the end of April anywhere. Why not their kind of party?

A week later the invitations were in the post. They announced that the Newmans were emerging from their hibernation and would be at home in their studio on the last Saturday in April between half-past five and half-past seven and that alcoholic beverages would be in supply. On my card was pencilled, "Mind you come early."

I arrived shortly before half-past five. It was a warm and sunny evening. Their studio on Silverback Hill was bright and cheerful. Some forty small lamps had been set out along a refectory table. "We've invited thirty," Kathleen said, "but people usually bring people with them." At each end of the table was a large salt-cellar and a jug. "One's own. The other's gin. Which'll you have?" they asked. I asked for rum. James's vein had been bleeding with Rose's lime juice and sharpened with Angostura. Large sippets of ice kept the mixture cool. It was very potent. The first sip made me shiver, in the way that a dry martini does. It also sent a glow along my veins. "This," I said, "is going to be a party."

In front of the tushies were two dishes of cream crackers and a large chocolate cheese. I cut myself a slice. "This concoction," I said, "demands blotting paper." I took a second sip. This time I did not shiver. The glow deepened. Yes, this was going to be a party. "I wonder," said Kathleen "won't be the first to come."

"Everyone's always afraid of being first," said Richard. "I can't think why."

The minutes passed. My glass grew empty. Richard said, "Have a refill before it gets weakened by the ice."

I took a long sip. I was beginning to feel a little awkward. Ten minutes to go. I had a sense of pathos; after all, I was responsible for this. Conversation had begun to flag. At seven minutes past the doorman rang.

"At last," said Kathleen.

"Prepare for action," Richard said.

But there was only one voice in the hall. "I'm afraid I've fearfully late," it said. The owner of the room stood in the doorway. He was an obscure middle-aged journalist who did a London gossip column for a provincial paper. He checked. He looked puzzled. "Have I come on the wrong day?" he asked.

He was assured that he had not. "But it looks," said Richard, "as though you'd have more than your ration of liquor to consume."

Within a quarter of an hour it was clear that there would be no more guests. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, and the November knew how to take the rough with the smooth. As a matter of fact, we managed pretty well. The chatter brought out the flavor of the rum. It was after eight before I was ready to take the tube back to Kensington. "I knew I was going to have a good time," I said. "But I didn't expect it to be quite so good."

"The glad of that," Richard said, "but you haven't convinced us that what London needs is an alcoholic party at half-past five."

I stood my ground. "London's not ready for it yet," I said.

But when I began a novel called *Kapt*, which I subtitled "a story of postwar London." As I followed the adventures of my characters, I often wished that I could have them making over cocktails in the early evening. I realized how the evidence of parties at that hour would solve some of their anxiety problems. Evening parties always started at nine o'clock. As guests had dined first, their backs would not need to provide much momentum immediately; nor would their guests be very thirsty. For food and business everything was simplified. But for those with amorous intentions the dangers were not propitious. You would suffer her with food and what her hand would appear expensive, but at that very moment she would remember that you were already due at that party of the Goldings in Beers's Park. If only you had got to go; if only you could go back to your flat in Kensington, built up the fire, pour out a glass of port, and put on a long-sleeved vest; how easy it would be to persuade her two hours later that there was really no point in going all that way back to Highgate.

"I wish we hadn't got to go to that party," you may say. "It's no case here."

"I know," she'll say. "But since we've promised and you've always told me what fun the Goldings are, I'm curious to meet them." There is nothing to do but give way graciously. And that, as far as you and she are concerned, is the finish of the evening. She will spend such a long time upstairs "doing her face" that you know she will not want it to be troubled in a taxi.

Flushed and excited by good food and flattery, she will make an impressive entrance at the Goldings'. Her hosts will perceive upon her. "I'm delighted that you could come. You know so much about you. There's a young actor here who I know will interest you." She is swept away and that is the last that you will see of her for a couple of hours. Other men who have come straight from their clubs will reap where you have sown. They will benefit! (Continued on page 24.)



The Score from New Hampshire:

by Gerry Nadel

And eight innings still to play

It was just like in the crosshairs of an honest-to-god New England town meeting. To people people of Durham, New Hampshire, in town meeting as usual, the town's adult population gathered in the regional high school's all-purpose room to tell The Richest Man In The World to go to hell and take his \$600,000,000 oil refinery with him.

Against Scrooge Onassis, all his backers and the former Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy notwithstanding, may not be precisely the richest man in the world, but he was certainly the richest man the people of Durham had ever seen. Onassis can do things that make entire countries jump; this time, though, he was making only one state jump. He wanted to build an oil refinery

at Durham Point, New Hampshire. He had been having trouble, lately, finding cranes for his new ship, *Andromeda*. A refinery of his own would give him a captive market and control of the oil he shipped from the moment it left the ground until it reached the gas pumps. It seemed like a good idea.

William Loeb, another rich man, liked the idea. Loeb is the avowed conservative publisher of the *New Hampshire Union-Leader*, New Hampshire's largest circulation daily. Melvin Thomson, who isn't rich, liked the idea too. He is the Governor of the Sovereign State of New Hampshire.

Onassis announced his refinery plan last winter when days were short and gas-station lines were long. The President had made his speech about the partition of

turning down thermostats. Oil companies were doing their dirty in God, Country, and The Blackholes by cutting supplies and raising prices. Everyone thought there would be gasoline rationing soon. Onassis' Olympic Oil Company refinery looked like a way to avoid this. It would be the largest one to be built, pumping out 100,000 barrels of oil daily, enough to supply a quarter of New England's total fuel needs. Not only that, it would produce, directly and indirectly, several thousand jobs—and that looked very good with so many New Hampshire cotton mills and wool spinners and shoe factories closed down. Governor Thomson put out the welcome mat. Publisher Loeb printed the invitations.

And so, one day, late last December, Aristotle Onassis helicoptered over the dusky woods where Durham Point peaks out into Great Bay and said, "Here will I set my refinery." Below, people were using brooms and shovels to write in the fresh snow of open fields: "OH SO RICH." It letters lay enough to be seen three thousand feet above. They didn't think a refinery was such a good idea at all, even though it could have made some of them rich. Onassis' agents were offering as much as a quarter million, even a half million dollars for tracts of steep, rocky farmland and swampy sites which weren't much good for anything, but some of these offers were being turned down. Olympic was telling homeowners the refinery would not property-tax bills by seventy-five percent, and still everyone was screaming.

Geographically, Durham Point seemed the ideal site for the refinery. It was just inland from the sea, which meant that a relatively short pipeline could run to the refinery from the super-tanker main-

Democracy 1, Aristotle Onassis 0

sup. Onassis proposed to build off New Hampshire's seventeen-mile-long coast. The site was isolated—the refinery could be more or less out of sight if landlocked properly. Best conditions were right. Wind conditions were right. Onassis' consultants told him there couldn't be a better site.

The people of Durham told him there couldn't be a worse site. Putting a refinery in Durham, they said, was like putting a refinery in Princeton, New Jersey. Durham as a college town. Scholars and refineries don't make good neighbors.

Durham used to be a farm town. Old farmhouses still stood on the roads around town, additions and outbuildings linked to them. The ones on a freight train. There are wide, rolling fields around town, filled in winter with acres of blinding white snow with not a footprint in it. There is a red brick fifteen-foot main street with a Greek Revival church. There also is the University of New Hampshire. It has grown fast in recent years. Its architecture consists of a little bit of Victorian, some pseudo Colonial, and a lot of latter Illinois/Tex. Faculty members were attracted to the school because of Durham's seasonal life-style. There was an escape from the cities. They paid for their escape with lower salaries and the higher taxes that come from resistance to industrialization. Onassis had promised them that his refinery would be "clean as a church," but that was irrelevant. The primary representation everything these newsmen had run from, and now The Richest Man In The World, the Publisher, and the Governor were trying to bring it up here after them.

All they had to fight with was a few sear, a fanatical rule of ancient democracy—the town meet-

ing. Onassis, Loeb and Thomson were trying to take that away from them too. Home Rule, the right of an individual town to buck the will of the central state government, has been a basic tenet of New Hampshire political philosophy ever since the Revolution. But now Thomson and Loeb were trying to change all that so Onassis could come in. A refinery, they said, would be a boon for the whole state. No single town had the right to block Progress. There was no doubt, as the people of Durham gathered for their town meeting that they would vote against the refinery. The question was, would the legislature then uphold their right to say so.

At the town meeting, voters were passed into the bleachers and rows of folding chairs. Up front, on a stage adorned with a basketball

hoop on the presentation stand, Town Moderator Joseph Michael stood in, if not a forest, at least a good-size grove of TV lights and live cameras. "We have ABC's here, NBC, Channel Four, Channel Five, Nine, Eleven and Fifty-six, and if those numbers come up on your Radio said," Michael said, "you get a year's taxes free." The story was tailor-made for the media. Pick an angle, any angle, the first all-out battle between urban and extreme ruralists since the President proclaimed the Energy Crisis; booster Progress against quality of life; the little guys against the biggies.

The TV lights glowed off Michael's black framed glasses, a drop of sweat rolled down his hair, Lebanon looked none ("I'm the only Arab who isn't interested in



At his press conference, the Olympic proposes a high, hard pitch.



In the legislature, Representative Dunlop goes to bat for Home Rule.

all," he says. "Now, look, I don't want anyone to be mislead by the audience because of the lights and cameras. But I don't want the up-porter either—that some of you who normally speak for fifteen minutes will speak for forty-five minutes instead."

Nancy Stauder spoke first. She had founded S.O.S. Save Our Shores, the anti-refinery lobby group "I am outraged by the deliberate effort of Chicago to take away our right to Home Rule. We might as well carry out a process that has ordered for generations. Du-hum's mine will be saved!" That got a good head.

The applause was sparse for Tommy Thompson, an old-timer, a farmer, who told the town meeting the refinery would be "modern, clean, efficient." Vols, he said, "as the basis of lower costs, not clean-up or byproducts." There was scattered applause when he finished, and a solitary boo. Michael pounded his gavel. "If I hear that again, I'm going to order the officer to remove whoever does it."

Dorlene Browne spoke later. She's a short, pudgy, white-haired physics professor at U.N.R. (Urbain recently, she had been known first for her experiments with parrots—good-natured, Michigan birds, both joined. "Bird speak the live in corners, you know?" She thinks parrots make ideal student housing. Students think parrots are used to visit but you wouldn't want to live in one! A real estate agent had come to her, claiming he represented someone who would build a halfway mansion. He offered her \$50,000 for her land and she signed an option. When she found out the land wasn't for an estate—a rest home or a resort as other local landowners had been told—but for the refinery, she got out of the deal. Everyone at the meeting had heard she'd been swindled and that \$50,000, and the applause for her went on and on.

A young man in a college hockey skirt told how he came to Durham from New Jersey to escape violence and "if a refinery comes here, I'm afraid I'll have to flee again." Billy Dowley disagreed. "Think of the people in this area whose lives will be changed for the good. They'll have jobs again. We in Durham have it made. Now, maybe you should help somebody else." Mike Drithen, a center for marine biology, suggested Omaha Bowering. "That would provide jobs and save our environment." An ex-Marine spoke up to say that Home Rule was

the heart of the state motto, "Live Free or Die," which is stamped on license plates made by prison inmates.

Then it was time for Dudley Dudley, which is really her name. She was getting a standing ovation. Dudley was the local state representative leading the legislative fight to uphold Home Rule. "Lives are not at stake here, but our season is, our way of life!" The audience couldn't wait for her finish so it could get up and applaud her again. Michael waited for the applause to ebb. "Anybody who can withstand Aristotle Thassos, Sheldon Thomson, and Bill Loeb, all at the same time, has to be one hell of a gal. And that's what you are." The

applause started all over again.

Then, everyone voted. For two hours, they filed up one by one to the clerks to get their paper ballots and fill them out. When the votes were counted, there were 144 for the refinery, 1834 against.

Dudley was smiling. She showed herself about five minutes' worth of celebration. Then she started talking strategy for the vote the next day in the legislature, the vote that would really count.

Peter Boone thought the idea of a refinery in New Hampshire was the best he'd heard since his own idea for an Endless Bread System. Like many Greek immigrants, Peter's family was a restaurant

Every day, Peter would see all this bread wasted—the ends. You can't give a customer a sandwich made with the ends of a loaf of bread. You've got to throw the ends out. The waste bothered Boone for years, even after he was grown up and running his own greeting-card publishing business. He calculated that fifteen percent of a loaf of bread was wasted by throwing away the ends nobody wanted. He tinkered around, and one day it was ready—the Endless Bread System, a machine to take a continuous loaf of bread, bread without any ends, so waste. He took out a patent and waited for the big bread companies to show him with offers. They never came, but Boone was still

convinced that he had a good idea. In 1972, Boone thought it was a good idea to run a serious campaign for State Agnew for President. So, he put Agnew on the New Hampshire primary ballot for President even though Richard Nixon had already said Agnew would run with him again for Vice-President. Boone also thought it would be a good idea to run for the U.S. Senate. He told William Loeb what a good idea that was. Loeb laughed at him. Boone ran anyway, financing his campaign with \$42,000 raised from fifty-four contributors, the best of whom lived in the state, but he didn't win. Then, last year, Boone heard that Governor Thomson had invited all companies to

talk with him about getting a refinery in Durham. Boone had an idea that New Hampshire should have an oil refinery. Boone thought that was a really good idea.

He tingled as old family friend, Gustavus Graham, who is the man who directs Aristotle Thassos' business for him while he's craning on the Christmas at nursing in Storrans Graham had been looking for a place to put the refinery. Graham wanted to build. Graham wanted to build a clean refinery, but he wanted local officials to take his word that it would be clean. He didn't want to go through endless red tape. New Hampshire has an oil refinery that and tape would be as scarce as gasoline on Sundays in New Hampshire.

Thats because Governor Sheldon Thomson doesn't believe in red tape. He believes in action. When he suspected certain state officials—who, incidentally, opposed him politically—might be engaged in unethical chicanery, he took action. He didn't shirk-shake around with true western like court orders—he just sent his aide right over to search their fax records. Later, he went to Woburn, Massachusetts, himself, to the New England Organized Crime Enforcement Systems center to ask for any files they might have on New Hampshire politicians. They didn't have any. Thomson subsequently said he just wanted to ask if they had any, because if they did, they shouldn't have U.S. Senator Thomson McIntyre, a Democrat, was skeptical about that. He called the memo a "message of ethical authority." In ethical politics, to be put it gently, bizarre and unexplainable purpose. Thomson still hadn't lost his taste for action. One day, representatives of the National Welfare Rights Organization were in Concord, lobbying for something a bit more effective than New Hampshire's current welfare program (based on the "Are-there-any-pennies? Are-there-any-northwinds?" theory). Thomson heard these people were going to hold a news conference in the statehouse press room. He went there personally to throw the "revolutionaries" out. When Thomson found out that home-sweet students planned to hold a dinner at the University of New Hampshire campus, he took action again. In office, he is a university trustee. He wanted enough arms to get a bus instead. The students (Continued on page 257)



The Durham town meeting: Sensation rises in the stands until the oil

refinery fails out. Then, as with a single voice, the crowd goes wild.

That Old-time Ignition

by Tony Hogg

The diesel engine was good for Mack and Greyhound, and it might be good enough for you

The most American of the world diesel engines are visions of the noisy, stinking, smoky truck that comes thundering past you while you are cruising quietly along in your car. In Europe, the diesel is quite commonplace, and to them it means the clattering sound that one hears in every European city coming from taxis, small delivery vehicles and many private cars.

The reason for the popularity of diesel cars in Europe is quite simple. Recently I drove a Mercedes in Germany, and when I came to the gas pump, it cost thirty-one dollars to fill up the tank. If the car I was driving had been diesel-powered, it would still have cost the last part of thirty dollars to fill the tank with the equivalent quantity of diesel fuel, but the car would have run about forty percent farther, which is why Mercedes has projected that, in 1974, thirty-five percent of its total car production will be diesel-powered. Excellent fuel economy combined with relatively low emissions are why the Europeans, having given us the small car, are now in the process of giving us the small diesel. Leading the advance in the United States are the Mercedes 260D, which is a newly upgraded version of the 1960, and the recently introduced Peugeot 504D.

The diesel engine has been around for years. It was

patented by Dr. Rudolf Diesel in 1892, and is a sort of half engine to the gasoline engine in that it employs the same major components, but its method of operation is somewhat different.

The conventional gasoline engine functions by drawing a compressed mixture of gasoline and air into itself, compressing the mixture, igniting it and using the resulting explosion to push a piston down a cylinder. In the cycle of the diesel, only air is drawn in; the air is then very highly compressed so that it heats up naturally. In the next stage, a very accurately timed and measured quantity of fuel is injected into the cylinder, and because of the heat of the air, the mixture explodes spontaneously, which is why the diesel is sometimes referred to as a compression-ignition engine.

The diesel, you may say, because on the surface there really isn't that much difference between the two. But in practice there is an awful lot, and the characteristics of the two engines are totally different. The advantages of the diesel are excellent fuel economy, very low emissions, extreme longevity, the ability to run on low-grade fuel, and the elimination of an ignition system, which is a major cause of malfunctions in automobiles.

But the diesel is not necessarily the answer to a

million's prayers, and if you buy one, you get it with and all. The disadvantages of a diesel are heavy performance, high initial cost, the dearth of filling stations selling diesel fuel, and a tendency to stink up the neighborhood and be noisy at idle and when running cold.

Without going into technical details, the reason a diesel engine consumes less fuel is simply that it is much more efficient in the manner in which it converts fuel into energy—an extremely desirable characteristic in this day and age. A peculiar feature of the diesel is that whereas a specific gasoline engine will add for ten minutes on a tenth of a gallon of gas, the equivalent diesel will life for forty or fifty minutes on the same quantity of diesel fuel, which is why it is a diesel for taxis, small delivery vehicles and general city work.

As far as the fuel itself is concerned, there is nothing remarkable about it. According to the American Petroleum Institute, if you take a barrel of crude oil there are all kinds of interesting and valuable things that you can refine from it, depending largely on what you want and how you arrange the plumbing in the refinery. As an industry average, what is currently

taken by about ten percent. The result is that the engine always have an excess of air, even at full power, and their level of pollution, smell and smoke is very low. A thoughtful thing to do, and something that could be copied by virtually all other internal combustion engines.

If you buy a diesel car you can expect to get at least 100,000 miles out of the engine. One reason is that gasoline tends to wash away lubricants from inside the engine, but diesel fuel is actually a light lubricant itself. In fact, you can run your diesel engine for tens of thousands of miles without oil changes, without needing oil without detriment and at a considerable saving in taxes, but unfortunately the police will throw you in jail if they catch you.

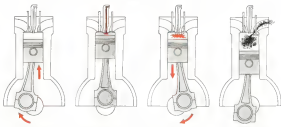
A less obvious reason for the extreme longevity of diesel engines is that they were originally developed for use in trucks and ships, which means it is a very heavy concern. It is only in the last twenty years that much attention has been paid to the small diesel, and most of the work has been done by truck diesel engineers who think in terms of hundreds of thousands of miles. For instance, if you buy a Greyhound bus, the engine of the engine is a twelve-cylinder, 160,000-hp, and if you use it efficiently, the two will just about come up together. Furthermore, you can expect the engine to run somewhere between 400,000 and 600,000 miles before it will need an overhaul or even replacement.

Unfortunately, the requirements for the design of big truck diesels and small car diesels are somewhat antagonistic. To get the most out of a truck diesel, the best method is to build a low-speed engine, which develops its maximum power over a very narrow engine-speed range. The engine is coupled to a transmission that contains about fifteen speeds, and the driver keeps the engine at its point of maximum power by shifting gears a lot, which is why truck drivers don't like being called "shifters." Of course, your opinion of the trucking industry is your affair, and it probably doesn't matter to you whether you're tired to sleep anything by rail instead, but let the old slogan, "If you've got it, a truck brought it," still hold good. (Another thing to bear in mind is that, with the great increase in husband-and-wife driving teams, the small truck driver you give the finger to may be somebody's mother.)

The requirements for a car diesel are quite nearly opposite. The car diesel must be compact, light, fuel-economy and produce its power over as wide an engine-speed range as possible in order to reduce shifting to a minimum. In other words, it must have all the characteristics of a conventional car engine. The fact that it doesn't is no criticism of the engineers that have developed it, but it means that you have to adjust your driving habits to suit its characteristics.

At Mercedes they refer to the diesel as a two-day car, because they find that it takes the average person about two days to adjust to it. The fact adjusts—(Continued on page 118)

LOOK, MA, NO SPARK PLUG



Halfway through the compression stroke, the air (that's all there is in the cylinder) gets hotter and hotter.

Now the top of the stroke, the injection system sprays fuel (shown as red stuff) into the hot air.

The fuel hits the hot air and catches fire. Whoosh! It explodes and drives the piston down, making power.

Exhaust stroke: From here as you sit it looks any other engine: oil goes the bad way, in comes the good.

Mismanage, the Strained Charge

Closely related to both the diesel and the conventional gasoline engine is the stratified-charge engine, which is currently the subject of a \$60,000,000 research-and-development project by Honda of Japan. Officially known as the General Vortec Control Combustion engine (CVCC), its concept is by no means new and it has certain of the characteristics of a diesel. The major issue that it operates with a surplus of air in its fuel-and-air mixture, which means that its exhaust is relatively clean. It also controls the speed and temperature of its combustion process so that emissions are reduced internally, rather than eliminated after the fact by exhausters, belch-exhausters that lean on performance and waste gas.

The engine meets California's stringent 1975 emissions standards, and the target is 200,000 CVCC-powered cars per year starting in September, 1975. The price is up in the air, but Honda is talking \$100 above conventional engine prices. However, this price does not take into account a complicated tax-exemption because applicable in Japan. General Motors has a lot to lose from Detroit to Honda's research-and-development department.



Mr. Kirko was taking his time dying in bed number seven. He just kept lying there week after week.

"Not even getting any worse. At least not to the naked eye," said his daughter Shelley. "Look, I've got obligations, the children," she said.

"Obligations we've all got," her brother Marvin said. "You've got obligations. Angel's got obligations. And my obligations you know. I'm the son. So forget your obligations sometime. It's Papa."

"It's too true. It's Papa," said Angel, who was married and had nothing. "He's all I've got," Angel said.

"And he's dying," Shelley said.

The orderlies came belting, "Bed number seven and eight," and pulled the curtains around to make sure. Then they staggered off with Mr. Kirko and bed number eight to give their beds. These were old orderlies and their backs didn't straighten much anymore, so they just put Mr. Kirko and bed number eight in the water and let them sit there. Then these orderlies took out the six Cornells and smoked while the sick people sat in hot water till their hands shriveled.

"This is how it is when you're one of the masses," one said.

"Some wasn't born in a day," the other said.

Then one said a lot and the other said a lot and they decided to see if Mr. Kirko's behind was shriveled, and it was, so they got their hooks under his armpits and dragged him out of the tub. His groans and his eyes rolled up, but at least he didn't die on them. They sat him on a three-legged stool to dry him. The stool scraped on the tile floor.

"Hear that noise?" Mr. Kirko asked.

They stopped bowling him because he never spoke and now he was speaking.

"That's the springs in my behind, breaking?"

He threw up then, yellow and brown, and most of it went into his slippers.

"God-damned pain when they get old."

"There's no fool like an old fool."

These orderlies slammed his foot into the slipper and propped him against the wall. His face was all red from his back and his face was yellow and brown.

They checked to see if bed number eight's behind was shriveled, and it was, so they got their hooks into him and started to drag, but he wouldn't give. They let him have a little patch in the head to show they meant business, but it didn't do any good because he only gave a mass or two and died.

"Well, caught it certain sure death and taxes."

"We'll let this sleeping dog lie."

They staggered back to bed number seven with Mr. Kirko. The son, Marvin Kirko, was peeing up and down outside the room, looking at his watch. Angel Kirko, who had nothing, was standing in the corner, looking at her handkerchief. Shelley Karna was looking through her purse and crying a lot.

"Did we have a nice bath-tub?" Shelley said to her father as these orderlies pulled the curtain.

"It's little enough to have," Angel said.

Inside the tent the orderlies rested for a while and then they each took an arm of Mr. Kirko and counted down. "Three, two, one, GO!" And he went up into the bed, head first. His head went straight into the wall. He wailed for a minute, then turned down to a whimper.

They threw back the curtains and approached the weeping woman.

"It's an ill wind that blows no good," one said.

"It's too true," Angel said.

"It's a sorry state of them go when their time has come," the other said.

"I know you're doing everything you can," Shelley said.

On the way out these orderlies nodded at good old Marvin.

"You can just peer around," they said. "Up and down, back and forth, you know it."

Angel and Shelley didn't know what to do next.

"He doesn't look any worse to me," Shelley said.

"Not to the naked eye, he doesn't," Angel said.

"Oh, come, come," Shelley said, calling Nurse Jane. "He doesn't look any worse, does he?"

"Well, he's going to be," Nurse Jane said. "They don't just go in and out of here unless they're seriously, you know. What he needs is some needles and bottles, some jellies and pokes, and a tube up his nose."

Nurse Jane returned with everything she promised.

"And number eight," she said to Angel. "Where is he?"

"Temporarily," Angel said. "I haven't the slightest."

"She hasn't the slightest," Shelley said. "She's never had anything and now she's losing her pants."

"It's a matter of professionalisms," Nurse Jane said. "There are lots to be filed out, bags, marjams, numbers, identity bands, orderlies, tagamashols, you have no idea. So you can't just have bed numbers and appearing. So you've got to tell me everything you can about this case. Now you, Miss Kirko, whom did you last see bed number eight?"

"Well, I'd do my best," Angel said. "He was last seen by me personally when they staggered him off for his bath."

"Both," Nurse Jane said and stalked away, looking, looking. "Very good," she said a few minutes later. "Very good, Miss Kirko. We found him dead in the bath and so he's accounted for." She looked across Shelley and put her hand gently on Angel's shoulder.

"It's just as we knew," she said tenderly. "We have to know."

"It can't be easy," Angel said.

"It's the children I worry about," Shelley said.

"When the doctor comes, you'll see," Nurse Jane said, and wheeled the empty bed out of the room.

The doctor appeared at seven o'clock in the morning. He had a clipboard in his hand and he kept looking

The Consolations of Philosophy

by John L'Hecareux

Plato really knew what he was talking about when he said, "Things will look a lot brighter in the morning."

from it to the place where bed eight used to be.

"I see they've dispatched bed eight," he said. "You must be the Kinkos. You belong in bed seven."

"Yes, we're the Kinkos," Mervin said. "I'm the son and these are the two daughters, Angel Kinko and Shelley Kamm. Shelley was a Kinko before she was a Kamm."

"How do you do," they all said, shaking everything.

"The Doctor Robbins," Doctor Robbins said.

"Doctor Robbins," they all said, grateful as any thing.

Angel and Shelley took a good long look at Doctor Robbins while he took a good long look at Mr. Kinko in each arm. Mr. Kinko had needles that ran down from bottles full of white and bottles full of yellow, and there was a tube up his nose that went somewhere and another tube that ran from his nostril into a bottle under the bed. Mr. Kinko was getting the full treatment.

"You're very young for a doctor," Shelley said, looking in the little lounge at his white pants.

"Oh, that's complete," Doctor Robbins said.

"Oh, I didn't mean," Shelley said.

"We never mean," Angel said.

"Oh, please, of course," Doctor Robbins said, and he lit the inside of his face so they'd know.

"I'll wait outside," Mervin said.

"Oh, that can pass up and down," Doctor Robbins said.

"Oh, back and forth."

"The doctor stood the another while looking at Mr. Kinko. He picked at Mr. Kinko's leg; it looked like talley.

"I think that leg's going to have to come off," the doctor said.

"Oh, no!" Angel said, fainting.

"Oh, God in heaven!" Shelley said.

"Angel kept on fainting."

"Mervin! Mervin! We've got to make a decision. This Doctor Robbins here says the leg has got to come off. It's our duty to decide," Shelley said.

Mervin came back in from his corridor.

"These are the moments one dreads," Doctor Robbins said.

"Oh, no!" Angel said, fainting once more.

"Before we decide," Shelley said, "I think I should have a word with the doctor in private."

"I've never had anything," Angel said as Mervin dragged her from the room.

Shelley shut the door and leaned against it. Her head throbbed back. Outside she could hear them pacing up and down, back and forth.

"I thought we should have a word alone," Shelley said.

"Most understandable at a time like this," Mrs. Kamm said, reaching for his upper lip.

"Yes, it's difficult for all of us," Doctor Robbins said. "I'm very busy about." She slipped off her partition and in one graceful motion scooped them up from the floor and tucked them into her pants.

They stood for a moment looking at bed number seven.

"We could put him on the floor, Doctor. He wouldn't mind."

"It's better the patient not be disturbed," he said, and gave a little break to a table here and a table there.

"Oh, dear," Shelley said.

"Now if you will place your ear to the door and listen your back against it, no," the doctor said. "Very good. And now I'll lift this skirt and—yes, you'll have to bend your knees as if you were sliding down

the wall, that's right—and then I'll just slip this in here. Um, we need a little warty, then cough, there we are."

"Yes, that does do nicely," Doctor Robbins," Shelley said.

"This stool there like a Kirschbach."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Kamm, you'd prefer to put your purse on the floor."

"Oh, why of me?"

"Just drop it. That's right. And then you can put your hands right here."

"Oh," she said, "Oh."

"I think you'll find, Mrs. Kamm, that once your father's bed moves off, you'll be more than pleased you agreed to it."

"Oh, I'm sure you're right," Doctor Robbins. It's just that, you know, we've known him so long. Doctor, said always with the leg."

"Yes, yes, of course. These feelings are natural. There would be something wrong if you didn't feel this."

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Could you move that knee out a little, and now?"

"Like that?"

"Fine," he said. "Well, at least we're having no serious weather... for the time of year."

"Marvellous," she said. "Doctor, I want to thank you unreservedly for giving us your valuable time. We truly appreciate it."

"A doctor does his best," he said. "Comfortable?"

"Mm-mm, yes, Doctor. I hope you won't think me overly personal, but I couldn't help noticing what an excellent surgeon you have."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, shrugging modestly.

"Oh, yes, do, yes, do. Truly."

He gave her a little jab to the left.

"Thank, thank, thank," they laughed.

"You must have gone to a wonderful medical school," she said.

"Heard," he said. "They teach you everything."

"It must be wonderful," she said.

"Philosophy," he said. "Every proposition in law or false. Laughter."

"That's done," she said.

"Shallower," he said. "Listen to what is not being said."

"That's deep too," she said.

"Ducky. Father," he said. "Everything that goes up must come down."

"I've heard that one," she said.

"Hmmm, behavior is a language," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"If the material of thought is symbolism, then the mind itself is forever formulating symbolic versions of its experience," he said. "Otherwise thinking could not proceed."

"Oh, she said, moving her right hip forward and backward in a new way.

"Perhaps I'm being too technical," Mrs. Kamm."

"Oh, no, Doctor, no. These are beautiful thoughts," she said.

"Very well," he said. "Now, Mrs. Kamm, if you would just move this foot forward and in a bit."

"Oh?"

"You see?"

There was a banging outside the door, bells, books, books.

"It's Angel," Shelley said.

"If you'll concentrate, please," he said.

"Come, come," she said, and her feet rose from the floor.

(Continued on page 152)

Fixing Things: A Guide for the Bewildered

by Bill Ellsberg

Remember American Know-how? Know-how that made the country great, won World War II, reconstructed the fallen cities of Europe and reached its final flowering in the Peace Corps? Sure you do, barely. Something happened to change all that—maybe it was Tomkin Gulf, maybe it was disposable cigarette lighters, maybe something more (ironically) than either—and Know-how has vanished, gone, poof, good-bye. Nobody can do anything these days, still less fix anything that somebody else has done. We live now in an alien and hostile world, filled with things—balky drains, broken switches, stuck windows—that worked until, say,

the early Sixties, and if they failed to work, you or your dad used to know how to make them all right again. Here we all are today, back at square one in the history of modern household technology. What is our first step toward recovering confidence, competence. Know how? Why, this little compendium of how to do the very easiest and most basic repairs there are to do around the house is that very step. Possibly you already know how to make one or two of these repairs; if so, your part in making your country great again is more than half done, and the other half is to share these pages with your neighbor who's always asking you over to fix stuff.

The Electric Circus

Most common household electrical problems are rather easy, simple and easy to repair. This is just as well, because simple and easy electrical repairs are absolutely the only kind you should ever even think about doing. Replacing a plug, for instance, or a wall outlet, or a switch, or a lamp socket. Replacing or replacing an appliance cord. Changing a fuse. And that is pretty much it. Leave the rest to an experienced electrician.

How Not to Electrify Yourself

Simple electrical repairs are perfectly safe if you follow these rules: (1) Make sure that the electricity is disconnected or shut off from what you are working on. This means unplug the lamp before you work on it. Completely remove the fuse from any circuit before you start work. Flip the circuit-breaker switch to off—and tape it that way. (2) Don't work on anything electrical with wet hands or when you are standing on a wet floor. (3) Follow directions exactly. Don't take shortcuts. (4) Outside equipment tend to short circuits.

Begin your modest electrical repairs career by locating and locating fuses with your face in circuit-breaker panel. Spend some time now finding out which wall switches and outlets are on which circuits. Make a little chart of your discoveries and paste it inside the cover of the *How-to-Do-it* book. This will save you a lot of trial-and-error fumbling around later when you want to turn off a circuit as you

can work on it. Also, make sure you have a supply of the right size fuses stored in or on the fuse box.

How To Repair or Replace a Plug

The most common electrical item around the house is the repair or replacement of appliances and lamp cords. Replacing a plug, for instance, or a wall outlet, or a switch, or a lamp socket. Replacing or replacing an appliance cord. Changing a fuse. And that is pretty much it. Leave the rest to an experienced electrician.

Remove all the wires from the old plug (or use a new plug) and slide the plug back on the cord.

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wiremen" knot (see box and illustration below). Now carefully, without cutting any of the small wires, strip away a half inch of insulation from the end of each wire and give the exposed wire a clockwise twist. Pull the knot down firmly into the plug between the prongs. Pull each wire around a screw, away it clockwise around a screw, and tighten the screw. The insulation on the wire should come to the screw, but not onto it.

Put the insulation cover back on the plug.

Put the insulation cover back on the plug.

Put the insulation cover back on the plug.

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The Flickering Lamp

When a lamp flickers, or won't go at all, or if it glows away half will only light on two or two settings, another common electrical repair shows in the making. First, however, check to see that the bulb is good, and tightly screwed into the socket, that the plug is seated in the cap and that the cap is itself in working. Also look for fraying or cracking in the cord at the plug. If the problem is none of these things, the chances are the socket needs replacing. To replace the lamp, remove the shade (and the lamp, if there is one), take out the bulb, and have at it.

Carefully pry off the protective felt cover at the base of the lamp. Because the cord runs from the end of the threaded tube that the cord runs into. The cord probably also holds a hole ought to be placed. Take the weight out from the top of the lamp and remove the socket from the tube by turning it counterclockwise. Slide on an exploded view of the lamp socket.



Remove the switch shell from the base by passing a screwdriver (or a screw) and pulling it straight up. Slide the overhead insulator out and loosen the terminal screws to remove the wires. Remember, which terminal each wire was attached to, because you want to put them back the same way. Take your screw shell, shell, base and all) down to the hardware store and get a matching replacement. Pull the new socket apart, thread the wires through the hole in the base, tie on "Underwriters" knot, connect the wires to the terminals (the same way they were on the old socket), snap the shell on, and get a matching whole new lamp on the threaded tube. Push the tube back into the lamp, put on the weight and the nut, and the job is complete.

How To Replace a Wall Switch

There are several reasons why you might want to replace a wall switch. One reason, of course, is that the thing

isn't working. The other, more interesting reason, are the different kinds of switches you can turn in its place. For every reason, by shutting off the power circuit at the fuse/trip-out-breaker panel, make sure the circuit is dead!



Take off the switch cover plate by removing the screws at the top and bottom. The switch itself is held in the wall by two screws, one at the top and one at the bottom. Remove these screws and carefully pull the entire switch from the hole. Be very careful not to break any wires. The wires are held in the hole in the wall by the switch. Notice that the wires (which should be black) are connected to two brass screws on the switch. Loosen the screws—just enough to slip the wires off—by turning the screws counterclockwise. Pick up your new switch and connect the wires exactly as they were on the old switch. Be sure to fit the wires on the screws so that the loops in the wires will tighten as you tighten the screws. Tighten the screws into the hole and fasten the new switch in place. (Note: You won't have any trouble matching the screw holes because all electrical switches, junction boxes, outlets, and so forth are standardized.) Put the new plate back on. Restore the power at the fuse/trip-out-breaker panel and the job is done.

Putting in a New Outlet
Wire place isn't slipping out of the outlet you sort of know it is true to put a new outlet in. Fortunately the job is about as simple as changing a wall switch. Again, begin by making off the last wire from the breaker panel. Check the outlet (by plugging in a lamp) to make sure it is really dead.



Remove the screw plate by loosening the single screw in the center. The screw itself is held in the wall by two screws, one at each end. When these are removed, you can carefully pull the receptacle out of the hole with the wires still connected. Look at the wires. Notice that one of them is black and is connected to the brass screw. The other is white and is connected to the chrome screw. Connect these wires to the new receptacle just the same way, put everything back together and your repair is finished.

Waterworks—and Other Mysteries of Plumbing

Today's plumbing is—despite what it is—the high water mark of our modern civilization. Except, of course, when it leaks, drips, seeps, gurgles, flows, stinks or overflows. Serious afflictions of the system—a cracked connection in the mass of pipes concealed behind the walls, water flowing out of the bathroom floor and seeping into the hallway, several fixtures dripping up all at once—should be left to the skills and tools of the professional plumber.

However, the minor problems—and there are the most common—can usually be dealt with by anyone who can figure out which end of the wrench goes on the nut.

No Go Drains (Incorporating lost rings and vanishing teaspoons)
A short pipe draining water down the drain is, or so the logic leading down it, the first of water. The art of plumbing consists of pulling or pushing that something out.

The first part of the outgoing water directly goes to a hole in the wall to remove the stopper (here comes the screw and bit up), if the problem is the bathroom basin, or the best strategy, if the plug is in the kitchen sink. Now fish around with your fingers for any matting of hair, and sweep the wadded wadded the drain unclogged. You are also trying to pull around with a short piece of bent metal-hanger wire.

If the drain/clog-hanger problem doesn't work, move on to the "plumber's friend"—the plumber's friend. Buy a stick. Sweep a thick coating of petroleum jelly around the hole. The end of the pipe (the whole is lighter) and insert the pipe firmly over the drain. Run about two inches of hot water into the basin.



New pump—slowly and carefully—up and down. (NOTE: TEMPORARY NOTE: If you are working on the bathroom basin, stop up the basin with a plug (temporarily) with soap or a sponge before

pumping. Otherwise the water will be forced out of the opening and will squirt into the eye. And if your kitchen sink is a two-compartment affair, stop up the drain in the adjacent compartment unless you want to see a beautiful paper when you start to pump.) Even still, you may not stop, stop, pump, remove the device and, and so if the water runs out. If it doesn't, back to the plunger.

Three or four minutes of force-pump pumping ought to get anything that is clogging by the method. If the blockage is still there, get your large adjustable wrench and a bucket, you are going to remove the clogged pipe from the sink trap.

The sink trap is the U-shaped pipe of your underdrain the sink. Its primary purpose is to hold a small amount of water as a barrier against sewer gas. What it also does quite often is catch rings, teapots, knives and other small items that fall into the drain. Now you know where to look for them. And you are about to find out how to get them out.

At the very bottom of the U-shaped pipe is a ball-bearing plug. Put your bucket under the plug. Remove the ball as much of the water out of the basin as you can. Then take your wrench and remove the plug.



Water, debris, and (possibly) the plug, will fall into the bucket in a sudden crash. Plug around inside the opening with a piece of wire. Since a flashlight down the drain if you see anything stuck on there, make a hook as your wire and pull it out.

Still no joy? It's time for the "plumber's snake"—the trap-and-draw snake. Feed this into the drain to the length of the hole, snarl around the pipe through the hole in the bottom of the trap.



If it sticks at any point, lighten the pressure on the sliding handle and rotate the whole snake a time or two. Then push on. If it seems to get sticky, stop, you may have reached the obstruction. Pump, pull and rotate the snake to break up whatever is stuck there. Then push through or pull out (with the hook on the end of the snake) whatever was blocking things, withdraw the snake—wring it down with a rag so it doesn't spit the debris plug back in the trap, and see how the drain works. It should work just fine. But hot water through for a few minutes just to wash away any remaining debris.

One final note about sink traps. You may have one without a cleanout plug at the bottom. In that case you will have to remove the entire U-shaped pipe, which you do by loosening the large horizontal nuts at each end of the pipe (if it is a chrome fixture, wrap these nuts around the nut to avoid snarling the sink with the wrench) and then unhook the pipe out, one end at a time.



Plumbing Hint

Only rarely does something fall into the drain and stop up the works at all once. If you suspect a certain neighborhood in the draining circuit, take preventive steps at once. Try running very hot water through the drain for a few minutes. If that doesn't speed things up, use one of the classic chemical drain cleaners.

Attacking the Clogged Toilet

Your best weapon for coping with this demoralizing problem is the old reliable plunger—but not the same rope-and-cup model you use on sink drains. What you want here is the modified, force-half type which exerts a great deal more pressure.

You see it, however, the same way. You can skip the petroleum jelly, but make sure there are several inches of water in the bowl before you start plunging.

If the plunger doesn't do the job, either the obstructing mass is too dense to be moved by pressure or more solid object (a child's toy horse) is jammed in one of the sharp bends in or beyond the trap. Be get out the snake!

sure (on the trap-and-draw snake) and here it is.



If you can't hook up or pull out whatever is blocking the passage, the toilet will have to be removed from the floor. It's time to call a plumber.

How To Repair a Leaky Faucet

Leaky faucets are drilled into two main classes: those dropping water out of the spout and those spouting water out of the handle. The first step in dealing with either of these is to shut off the water supply. You should find a shutoff valve underneath the fixture (usually two shutoff valves, one for the hot water and one for the cold). If you don't find a fixture shutoff valve, you will have to shut off the water at the main valve (somewhere near the water meter).

Return now to the offending faucet. First drop from the spout. If it is an older model, you will use a hex-shaped nut below the handle. This is the packing nut. Put a piece of adhesive tape around it to protect the finish. Using your adjustable wrench, turn the nut counterclockwise until you can lift the entire stem out of the faucet. If you don't see any hex-shaped nut, you have one of the newer style faucets with the packing nut hidden under the handle. To get at it, you first have to remove the handle, which you do by removing the screw on top and lifting the handle/handlepiece straight up. Then attach the packing nut as above and remove the nut.



On the bottom end of the stem is a fiber washer, held in place with a screw. This washer seals the stem to the

reasons for your leak. Remove the screw and the washer. At this point you can either take the window down to the hardware store and get a complete replacement, or you can previously visited the store and purchased a small box of assorted faucet washers (the box will contain a few replacement screws). If the latter, sort through the box and select a washer of the same size and type as the one you have just removed from the stem. If the washers in the box are in two different colors, use the color for the left-over faucet and the other for the right. Check the label to see which color the new washers or into the stem (the flat side goes in first), replace the screw, and tilt the stem back in the faucet. Tighten the packing nut (will replace the handle, if necessary). Turn on the water.

What if it still leaks? Turn the water off and take out the stem again. Remove a flashlight into the faucet. In the central area where the washer sits, smooth it flat, go to the hardware store and buy an inexpensive sand-drum tool, taking the stem along with you to make sure you get the right one. Insert the sand-drum tool into the faucet. Rotate the tool until the washer seat is smooth. Put the stem back in, tighten the packing nut, sit.

Now is the problem of water squirting from the handle. Try tightening the packing nut. If this doesn't do the trick, or if you can't get the packing nut tight enough to stop the squirt without also making the handle too tight to turn, remove the stem. It also could squirt from a metal washer under the packing nut. Slide this down and find it if you will make sure slightly squishy, thread the nut. Then in the packing. Pick it out and replace it with new packing from the hardware store. Some newer type of faucet nuts, such as the one shown below, do not use packing. Instead, they have a rubber "O" ring about halfway down the faucet stem.



In this case, you simply replace the "O" ring. Take the stem ring with you to the hardware store to be sure you get the correct replacement.

And now that you have everything leak together, the handle is at the wrong angle and doesn't match the

other faucet. Just remove the handle, lift it straight up, turn it until it does match, push it straight down, and tighten the screw again.

The Case of the Singing Toilet

The singing of toilets, in the world of water running, and running, and running. Sometimes it runs down the overflow pipe and you can hear it sometimes it continues to run after you flush the toilet and you can hear it coming into the toilet bowl. Either problem is usually easy to repair.

If the problem is water running through the overflow pipe after the tank fills, the expert is probably the flush. Turn off the tank top and look inside (you may need a flashlight to see things clearly). What you will see looks something like this:



Clearly, the arm holding the float is off. If the water stops the water, you just work around it by replacing or adjusting the float. Shut off the water supply at the valve underneath the tank. Then flush the toilet to empty the tank. Remove the float from the end of the arm. If the water stops, the float is off. If not, the hardware store has a new float, since it on the arm, turn on the water, and your problem should be solved. If there is no water on the float, try bending the float arm down and about half an inch. Turn the water on and refill the tank. The water should level off automatically when the water level is about a half inch below the top of the overflow tube.

If the water does not stop at all, or begins, shut off the water supply and empty the tank again. Remove the two thumb screws holding the float arm and plunger assembly in place. Lift the plunger out and look at the bottom. You will see a washer, probably worn. Replace this with a new washer, put the plunger back, tighten the thumb screws, and turn on the water. If the problem is still with you, the ballcock may need replacing. Call a plumber.

Now is the other common problem, the one where the water keeps running into the bowl. Here the source of the mischief is usually the stopper ball. It may be out of alignment and not dropping squarely into the valve seat. Loosen the sewer on the stop-

per globe and adjust the guide on the stopper ball. Slide into the valve seat. Tighten the nut and you are all set. (Note: Make all your adjustments gently. Rough handling can damage other parts.)

If alignment is not the problem, the stopper ball itself may be worn or hardened from age. Uncover it from the guide rail and replace it with a new one from the hardware store. Flush the replacement down by rubbing the valve seat with sand (not any sand!) to clean and smooth the seating surface and a good seal.

Emergency Hint

If serious trouble develops or if the flush won't stop the middle of the night and there is no shut-off valve under the tank, you can usually stop the flow of water into the tank by using a piece of string or a band with a finger to hold the float arm in the up position.

The Carpenter's Apprentice

In every remodeling household there are a number of weird repair tasks which fall into the general category of small-time carpentry—things a little past parental putting with your putty.

The Rattling Doorknob

The thing rattles, of course, because it is loose on the shaft. So in most cases, all you have to do to stop the rattle is to tighten the set screw at the base of the knob.



If this doesn't do the trick, loosen the set screw and insert a piece of wood. Stick a small piece of putty or modeling clay in the knob.



Now push the knob back on the shaft as far as it will go and tighten the set screw. No rattle for the rattle.

Doors That Stick

Your first move in coping with a sticking door is to work out just where the

door is actually sticking. Sometimes you can locate this sticking point from the evidence of real marks on the sides of the door or on the inside of the jamb. If your eyeball observation does not provide a clear indication of where the door is sticking, shut the door and run a quarter, or a piece of railroad about or there or a quarter, between the door and the jamb. When the door or railroad sticks is where the door sticks.

Depending on where the sticking point is located—and using the corresponding illustration as a guide—here is what to do:



Door binds around points A or C.

Open the door and take a look at the lower hinge. Are all the screws tight? If not, tighten them. If one or more screws is loose, and you can't reach the screw tight, try the Screw-It-Right device described in the box. If this does not solve the binding problem—or if the hinge screws were tight in the first place—then the upper hinge may be set too deep in its mortise. To cure it, you have to put in a shim—a piece of thin material will do nicely. (If you can go to the hardware store and spend a few cents for a piece of thin board or wood, you can make the shim. If you are trying to work it in as a shim, and it is a piece of furniture.) Insert a wedge under the open door to hold it steady and unhook the hinge leaf from the jamb. Cut the shim just a bit smaller than the hinge leaf, stick the shim in the mortise, and screw the hinge leaf back in place on top of the shim. You may have to take extra bolts (such as a nail, or an eye bolt, or a short screw) in the door before inserting the screw.

Door binds around points B or D. In this case, you want to look first at the upper hinge. Again, make sure all the screws are tight. If they are, then insert a shim under the lower hinge, proceeding as in the paragraph above.

Door binds around points E or F. Try inserting a shim under the hinge leaf (on the jamb) nearest the sticking point.

Door binds along a large area of the top, bottom or inside side. The door is probably swollen or covered with too many layers of paint. You will have to sand or plane the swollen area of the door (or the paint) off. On the top or side you can do this without re-

moving the door; just insert a wedge under the door to hold it steady while you sand or plane. (A piece of coarse sandpaper wrapped around a block of wood, or a Surform tool (you can also use a block plane if you have one), carefully remove some of the wood along the edge of the door where it sticks. (Note: If you have to sand or plane over the corner of the door, sand or plane from the corner to the middle of the edge you are working on. Otherwise you may splinter the corner.) Don't stop of the stick! When you have shaved off just enough wood to cure the sticking problem, go over the area you have just sanded or scraped with a piece of fine sandpaper, again wrapped around a wedge, to obtain a smooth finish. Paint the sanded area in seal the wood, otherwise moisture will get into the wood and make it swell, and you'll be right back where you started. But two fairly wide points; you don't want to end up getting the door stuck again.

To shave the bottom edge of the door, you go through the same routine as above, except that you have to remove the door from the jamb. Turn the door upside down and hold it open at an angle that exposes the hinge pins. Do the hinge pins just by using your "padding and prying" tool (an eight-inch-wide crowbar will do) as a wedge and hitting it upward with a hammer. A few good solid whacks should do it for each pin. Remove the bottom hinge pin first. With the hinge pins out, just lift the door away from the jamb. Now slide it in so under the side, so it doesn't wedge and stick again. When you put the door back in place, sand the top edge just first.

Screen-It-Out

The easiest way to deal with a door or window screen hole—in a door hinge or anywhere else—is to drive a wooden matchstick or two (with the striking head broken off) naturally into the hole. You can also use toothpicks. Or, for any other tiny hole in a screen, when you put the screen back in, it then tears and expands the matchstick packing to a tight fit. If possible, use a slightly longer screen than the original.

Recalcitrant Windows

Lots of things can bring operations to a halt in the window-opening-and-closing department. In the primary case, the parts are painted and dirt accumulated in the tracks or on the various stop problems (the window sash fitting in the tracks the window slides in). First, of course, generally remove its sticky appearance. Wipe just the area where the window is stuck. The window is usually

glued in place by a head of dried paint. Hammer a sharp knife into the window frame, and pry the part of the window and the stop molding out of the head and, usually, free the window.

If the buildup of paint on the inner edges of the moldings or in the tracks is too great, however, the sand won't be enough. You will be either sanding or scraping. Before you begin sanding, prying and hammering (which you may well get around to before you are through), it is a good idea to get all that accumulated paint and dirt out of the way. Take a small wooden block about the thickness of the sash and wrap a piece of medium-coarse sandpaper around it. Use this sanding block on the inside surfaces of the sash and the inside surfaces of the stop moldings and the face of the track. If there are any large lumps of paint in the track, use a chisel to push them down. Lubricate all three surfaces of the track by rubbing with a cloth of gasoline or kerosene.

If the window is still uncooperative, it is time to apply violence. If the window is stuck closed, use a prying tool of some kind (the worst you can use is a screwdriver) to pry the window open. If the window is stuck open, insert it at one end of the window between the sash and the sill (if it is a lower sash you are trying to move) or the sash and the head jamb (if it is the upper sash that is stuck). Work your way along the window—from one end to the other and back again—as you pry. The idea is to keep the sash as level and even as its channel is possible. If, on the other hand, the window is stuck partly open, place a block of wood on the sash at one end and hammer down on it. Again, move the block of wood along the sash between windows to keep the sash level. When you finally get the window open, use a screwdriver to sand and lubricate the portions of the track that was covered by the sash in its stuck position.

Sometimes the window is your stubborn window will be stuck open, which has caused the wood parts to swell. You may be able to subdue the window by cutting a small block of wood to fit tightly in the track (it should, in fact, bind in the track). Gently work the block of wood up the track and the track by tapping it with a hammer. With luck this will expand the track enough for the sash to slide freely. If you are still stuck, try sanding (using very coarse paper) or planing (with a hand plane) the sash and the window on either the middle stop molding (if the lower sash is sticking) or the outer stop molding (if the upper sash is sticking). You probably won't have to sand off very much wood, or little as 1/16 of an inch will do the trick. ♦

Splendor in the Brass

An object lesson in stiff-upper-lipmanship



A bushy is a funny far-bush of a hat. On the British, it looks great.



A full-dress tunic hangs in the window, waiting for an officer who's big enough to fill it.

Serving on a full-dress tunic in Perry Halland of Regent, John Jones Ltd., an expert military tailor. It is rare, such as he who wears the tunic in the empire with a glorious fanfare, grooving they who serve who only fill and are.



The Grenadier officer is Lt. R. S. Thompson of the Life Guards, Household Cavalry Regiment. The most thing on his chest is a tunic, the last armed Grenadier still worn in the British army. At right, he looks apologetically arranged in a military out coat and branches on an early morning Hyde Park center. English horses certainly center.



If you think we've got gripes these days, consider the British. The sun daily setting on a shriveled empire gives us plenty of home. Britain. Sherrington. Cuddihill. Stone. Yet look at the cheeky blinks, still swishing with pomp, posing with pride and centering with unperturbable poise. Why can't we carry off our lot as well? Why should there be the grace and sure, the grouting? The secret may be that,

just as the French have cornered the market on cooking, only the British have lifted the art of military tailoring to fine-arting heights. What neither Tory nor Labour can get right, the tailor can make look absolutely smashing with a bolt of sashet and a bit of gold braid. On these pages, we introduce you to these indubitable British image-makers, the regimental outfitters of England and Scotland. The tuxest

image in recent memory was supplied by Michael Skinner, managing director of J. Sage and Sons Ltd., whose subsidiary, Regent, John Jones Ltd., is about to celebrate its bicentennial as military outfitters. Skinner whipped up the full-dress uniform that Captain Mark Phillips wore at his marriage to Princess Anne. It took Skinner two months and four fittings before he was satisfied with the results. Of Phillips,

Skinner says, "He is a charming man and appears to have a very good figure, but he has complications." And, overlooking complications, of figure or country, is what military tailoring is all about. Skinner will be happy to overcome your own unseemly slopes and bulges in a civilian suit made with proper military precision. The price of pomp: three to four hundred dollars. But at least you'll grow with plenty of style.



Photographed by Anthony Edgeworth

The Scots, being a clanish bunch, prefer to rely on their own custom-made makers, like William Jardine and Sons Ltd. of Edinburgh. As the official tailors and outfitters to Her Majesty's seven Scottish regiments, Jardines are crisscrossed to the rafters with bolts of tartan (in front of a Scotsman, never make the mistake of calling them plaid), plus ribbons, buckles, sporrans, spurs, sashes, swords, crests and badges. Each uniform of every regiment is governed by a multiplicity of varying specifications. To make sure a button of the Royal Highland Fusiliers doesn't wind up on a tunic of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the military tailor must be a walking encyclopedia of detail as well as a wizard

with the shears. So expert are Jardines at their job that they are occasionally consulted when issues of Scottish dress arise and have been called upon to supply the swapper for such movies as *Tunes of Glory* and *Waterloo*. Jardines usually meet a new regimental client nine or so months before he leaves the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, when the young man drops in for fittings on his future officer's uniform. The first he will wear is the droney kilt in which he appears at the traditional Fencing Out Ball, a peak affair indeed. If initially he wears his regalia with a slightly tentative air, he is soon displaying the aplomb of the Black Watch regimental officers below, secure in the knowledge that he is among the sartorially chosen.



Like A. S. H. Brown, left, and Capt. R. W. Shepherd sport the Black Watch's tartan - famous kilties



At Jardines in Edinburgh, joint directors T. Marwar, left, and Robert Douglas, right, examine a bolt of tartan with a tailor. The long-established firm is official tailors and outfitters to all of the seven Scottish regiments.



Shikshaki weaves Morris Shikshaki, left, and his son Shikshaki, with their friend Joe Wool. Shikshaki cloth that looks black.



Arranged before another kind of uniform-expedition, volumes are some of the hundreds of military tailoring accessories: dress buttons, decorative sword, sashes, buckles, spurs and badges. Through particular attention to details such as these, British outfitters make the realm the epitome of all eyes. Plain pipe-rock-type sashes, sets, ties.



What's Wrong with This Picture?

by Arthur Miller

Speculations on a homemade greeting card

Here is a New Year's card I recently received many months late. Like couples everywhere, this one decided to celebrate the occasion with a humorous photograph. It could have been taken in any one of a number of countries. It happens to have been made in Czechoslovakia. The wife is wading just the right angle for a woman standing hip deep in water with her clothes on. It is a warm and relaxed smile. The husband, likewise, expresses the occasion with his look of grim responsibility, his walking stick and dark suit, his reassuring hand on Eda, their beloved dog.

The wife's floppy hat and gaily printed dress and the husband's polo-dut tie and pocket handkerchief suggest that the couple might have started off for a stroll down a Prague boulevard when, for some reason unshared, they found themselves standing in the

water. One sees, in any case, that they are fundamentally law-abiding people who do not make a fuss about temporary inconvenience. Instead, the couple displays almost exuberant confidence in the way things are.

Actually—although of course it does not show in the picture—the man and woman are within a short drive from the headquarters of the Red Army, which entered their country some six years ago to protect it from its enemies, and has never left. This contributes to the calm atmosphere of the photograph, for with the Red Army so close by there is no reason to fear anything beyond the Czech borders, or, for that matter, within them.

One can see, in short, that these people live in a country blessed by peace. True, a certain tension arises from one's not being certain whether the water they are wading in is rising or falling. But, either way,

it seems certain these people will know how to behave. Should the water rise to their chests, the man and woman will wade away, without in the least altering the relaxed resignation that animates them now. They will be accompanied, of course, by their dog, whose life nevertheless they will continue to guard.

So we may conclude that here is a couple that has learned how to live without illusions, and thus without severe disappointment. He happens to be on a list of 152 Czech writers who are forbidden to publish anywhere within the borders of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, or to have their plays produced on a Czech stage. But one does not see the man and his wife thrashing about angrily in the water, as might be expected.

Instead, they stand in the water for their New Year's photograph, not in the least resentful or angry, but with the optimistic confidence the present leadership of Czechoslovakia expects of all its citizens. Since it has been decreed that the couple stand in the water, so to speak, that is where they will stand, and nothing could be simpler. Their dog, of course, is not blacklisted, but she always follows them so closely that they allow her to share their fate.

Considering all this, one might conclude the husband and wife are expressing utter hopelessness, and there is indeed some truth in this interpretation. In its desire for peace, the United States, which might wish to, cannot officially even the issue with the Soviet Union, and this leaves the writer and his wife standing in the water.

On the other hand, the Soviet Union, much as it might wish to, cannot withdraw its regular report of the regime it placed in power in 1968. At the same time, however, many Czechs believe the cultural century their country has become is even too extreme for the Russian taste. The problem is that only mediocrity has been willing to take position in the report, and of course mediocrity lacks the sense to do with the country's intellectual, except to sentence them to an internal exile or force them to emigrate.

When some people, like the writer in this photograph, refuse to emigrate, they are nevertheless described in the controlled press as having left the country. A more bloodless and efficient solution is hard to imagine, but it is another reason why the writer is standing in the water fully dressed. When he and his wife are on dry land, walking down the streets of their neighborhood, they know that the official version is that they are living in another country; therefore, the couple's bold on reality—all that is really left for them—requires some expression; and so they occasionally stand hip deep in a lake or a river.

Yet another reason is that the country's intellectual abroad, specifically those who espouse socialism or radical reforms in their own capitalist states, often march with placards denouncing tyranny in countries like Greece, Spain, Brazil or Cuba, but none of these people seems to have noticed what is happening in Czechoslovakia. This is because Czechoslovakia is already a Socialist country. And for this reason too the writer's wife smiles as calmly as she does and she writer himself shows no sign of surprise as the couple stands together in the water. Indeed, there is not even reason for their resignation; namely, that the writer has for many years been advocating communism.

If the photograph could have been much wider, it would have revealed a veritable crowd of writers, professors and intellectuals, and their families, standing in the water. Not a few of them would be authors whose works come out in France, England, America—

other places and other languages. For this these artists are not punished, although the government tries to discourage foreign publishers. Also, royalties are especially taxed so as to leave the artists with next to nothing. Thus, they are quite successful in other countries, but are forbidden to publish in their own language. And this also helps explain why the writer and his wife do not feel it so extraordinary to be standing hip deep in water with their clothes on.

In Russia, quite otherwise, writers do not have themselves photographed in this curious way because the Soviet government simply forbids their publishing abroad without official permission to do so. So Russian writers are photographed on perfectly dry land. The unique situation has therefore arisen whereby Czech writers would be delighted if foreign publishers or foundations would not accept their work in foreign languages, but in Czech. So pronounced a national pride is unequalled in any of the other Socialist countries.

So writers stand, Czech writers can never read their work in other than strange languages, and the nation some of these writers feel they are indeed the authors of translations. This is also why the couple is photographed standing hip deep in water with their clothes on.

The man in the picture has had half a dozen plays produced abroad, and numerous press notices new and then from Paris, London, Frankfurt or New York, but he does not feel he has ever finished a play since a play is usually finished inside a theatre, and he is not allowed inside a theatre in Czechoslovakia to work as an actor and an audience. This is the way he is standing in the water with his clothes on.

At the risk of overelaborating on as simple a picture, it is nevertheless necessary to add that a cell, so to speak, appears to have been made up of their heads only last night. It would be the week of half an hour for this playwright to secure for himself a place on dry land. He must only appear before the proper authorities and deliver a confession that he was wrong in 1958 to oppose the Russian invasion, the loss of his rights, etc. etc. etc., ending with praise for the present regime and a confirmation of its correct and humane position. His confession would then be widely published—in Czech, of course—and with it his condemnation of friends who still insist on standing in water, eating roses, etc. etc. etc. against a silent, unpermitted and to take up their part in the building of a new Czechoslovakia instead of pretending, as they do now, that their consciences are more valuable and right than the wisdom of the present rulers. A few well-known writers, the couple and the dog could dry off and become real Czechs.

That the playwright finds himself unable either to accommodate the government in this or to emigrate and write freely in a foreign country indicates a certain stubborn attention for his own land. This is also why his wife smiles as she does and why his aura on the verge of either laughing or crying, it is not clear which.

It is not to be assumed, however, that his smiling imperturbability extends into the depths of his heart, let alone that the access of other writers who would be visible to the public, and that they have the humor which this playwright is still capable of showing. Even, for example, will say that they are writing more purely, more passionately, now that they can only write for their circle of friends. But others feel reality is closing down around. (Continued on page 176)

MIDSUMMER MADE SIMPLE

Hot summer evenings call for offbeat elegance. To look breezy while dressing down, combine the swash of black with one other strong, solid color. Here, international models Uva Marden and his wife, Barbara Carrera, share checkerboard red and black. At left, Marden wears a summer wool chenille cardigan by Stanley Blacker (\$25), a cotton-linen shirt by Giovannelli (\$35), and wool-blend trousers by Jaymar-Ruby (\$32). At right, his silk-blend knit shirt is from Dea Lurio (\$40). The gabardine slacks are from Giovannelli (\$60). Carterbury belt. Her outfit is by Pacoold. Jewelry by Kenneth Lane, sunglasses by Givenchy and hat by Frank Olive.

Photographed by Oliver Toscani

Green compliments black in two cool outfits. Below, Harris lounges in Jaeger's lime cotton-gauze shirt with flapped pockets (\$35), Clubman's linen-blend trousers (\$30), and a black sweater, casually looped, in case the night turns chilly. His sunglasses are from Ray-Ban. Barbara wears a Calvin Klein design. At right, the silk-blend blazer with patch pockets and side vents is by Geoffrey Beene (\$115). Under it is a cotton print shirt by Eagle Shirtmakers (\$20). Her look is by Isaac Mizrahi for DeMeyer.





For a final variation, go bold with black and white. Opposite, he sports a black cotton-linen knit shirt (\$35), a black lightweight wool crewneck sweater (\$30), and dazzling white linen-blend trousers (\$45), all by Jaeger. Her dazzle is by Clotie Ruffin. Sunglasses from A. R. Trapp. On this page, a casual Handcraft scarf with evening clothes by Carlo Palazzi: a cotton herringbone evening jacket (\$270), cotton-voile woven patterned shirt (\$65), and linen evening trousers (\$65). Her swimsuit's by Elton.

(Continued from page 77) over the 1970 Camelsboro Institute and from H.E.W. over the death of the welfare reform he had helped to bring to the White House and the Congress and over being. Then they showed him as a hero by resigning as Attorney General in order to take a leave of absence. Cox, whose investigations were coming increasingly close to the Oval Office, felt they again turned against Richardson in order to be unveiled, from a sense of propriety, to show the country an anti-Nixon attitude.

Elliot Richardson, a very private person, despite his liberal political beliefs, had a clearly defined notion of what an "unusable" issue and he refused to be defined on it.

As he had been asked, he was completely relaxed over the Camelsboro question, thus victoriously disappointing a disposition of his former Harvard classmates who came to appeal to him to take a stand against the insurance. The reason was that Richardson believed in the wisdom of the Camelsboro case in terms of guaranteeing the way—and he makes no bones about saying so—because that he still knew it was the right decision—and, therefore, refused to enter to his liberal friends.

He took the same position on welfare reform and housing, acknowledging privately that the White House and Congress had no choice, but that government processes being what they are, this was no reason to quit. He closed himself out of the Camelsboro at that point. One of them recalled that one of Nixon's greatest crimes was the corruption and the moral deterioration of the White House. Richardson, in contrast to the church, believed that there all it was his own conscience he had to live with, not the numerous judgments of others. He was named as President's attorney, but, as a friend was to remark later, "Elliot was simply warning the people of nations his own private moral judgment."

When asked about his children with Nixon's sabotage of the H.E.W. program, he said that he was the program, took the case that what mattered in the long run was effective social integration rather than the bureaucratic process. He said that his critics may not have realized what Richardson had been quietly changing: racial equality (he does most things quietly) long before he became comfortable and acceptable. For years he had been a heavy but quiet contributor to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (what there was no other national organization fighting for the rights of blacks); one of his closest personal friends is a black Philadelphia lawyer with whom he worked for the late Supreme Court Justice, Felix Frankfurter; and when Martin Luther King was assassinated, Richardson appeared at the funeral as a private mourner.

In 1965, Richardson published in the *New York University Law Review* an early article about Federal Reserve in the

Civil Rights Movement in which he recounted an incident in Springfield, Massachusetts, where serious friction developed between black activists who planned a downtown protest march and the local police department. The march would have violated a city ordinance. Richardson had been summoned as the state attorney general and, as he tells it, "One of the city officials asked his officers by stating, 'If we give them this,' referring to a bagging point then at once, 'they'll be back asking for something else.' At that point I broke in and said, 'Of course they'll be back. This is a march.'"

He went on to say in his essay that the black movement "as a process which saw at last in approaching the fulfillment of rights which, at least in major, have been promised for a hundred years. . . . The possibility of violence—and, from time to time, its actuality—has an inevitable consequence of this process. But the possibility should not be feared, as the city official viewed the Springfield situation, as precipitating an unreasonable conflict between sacred principles of order and the inalienable rights of the individual. It should be viewed, merely, as demanding the improvement of an equilibrium resulting for the time being the competing claims of public order and individual rights, but with such awareness that today's solution is necessarily makeshift and will not be adequate for tomorrow."

This was Elliot Richardson, the committed pragmatist, at his best in analyzing social process. His approach to other areas of American life is just as flexible. When he was driving one afternoon from Glenside College in central Michigan to Ann Arbor, Richardson suddenly turned to me to announce that he had made a serious mistake about a case of welfare reform when he was Secretary of H.E.W. "I used to believe that welfare mothers should work," he said. "But now I've changed my mind. It makes no sense to prevent a mother from caring for her own children if that can be got paid for during for someone else's child. It's a sin."

The price of writing of which Richardson was a still president, more than twenty years later, as a 54-page article called "Friends of Eisenhower and the Function of the Courts, which he prepared for the *National Law Journal* when he was a young lawyer. Richardson, who served earlier as the editor of the *Law Review*, says that it was "the toughest" thing he ever undertook to write. Published in 1959, the article still sounds fresh—perhaps because the issues of freedom of expression have arisen again—as it faces squarely the problems of violence in a society versus a free press. Richardson is not an absolutist in terms of freedom of expression if it is designed to lead to civilised acts. He writes, however, that "the great battle for free expression will be won, if they are won, not in the courts but in sensitive public and private opinion. No movement, and hence to Congress, and through the

course of change everywhere. The proper function of courts is narrow. The rest is our responsibility."

Richardson, who as Attorney General in 1973 directed that newsmen could be subpoenaed to discuss their source only with his personal permission, was a bit prophetic about what might have happened in America two decades later, as the Watergate scandal erupted, when he recalled his article with the citation from Justice Brandeis: "The greatest remedy to abuses is in open struggle." This was Elliot Richardson who had learned the concept of law as clerk to Justice Frankfurter and Judge Learned Hand.

Last April, Richardson, wearing his jeans, turned up at Mount Vernon Junior College, in Washington, for the "Dariusz Grayson" lectures conducted by Washington teachers as a protest against the annual white-collar dinner of the Graham Club, an organization of venerable parents that includes members from conservatism. He donated one of his famous doodles, which he auctioned off for \$1,000 to build up the Fund of the American Committee for Freedom of the Press. Several of his potential opponents—Edward Ford and Senator Jackson—preferred to stand the white-collar dinner in town.

On certain issues, Richardson stands firm. Liberal, then many professional liberals in his department at the H.E.W. staff when he left for the Pentagon, Richardson, asserting from the direct of welfare reform, had the to say about the present state of the welfare system in the United States: "As an administrative matter, the system is, at best, ineffectual. As a creative matter, it is cheap. As an individual matter, it is almost incomprehensible. And as a human matter, it is downright cruel."

During a lecture last March at the University of Pittsburgh, Richardson warned the establishment types in the audience a bit when he commented that a system, even his years were not all that different from medical thinkers. A few weeks earlier, at the University of Missouri, he said that he agreed with Michael Harrington, whom he called "a Socialist and a Marxist," as well as with the Bergin brothers and W. Allen Buckley, the conservative columnist, that American problems must be solved along community lines.

Not surprisingly—and this is a consensus on how America needs to change—Richardson is an alternative to a great many liberals as he is to true-blue ideological conservatives (excluding, of course, Reagan right-wingers). In a recent column, *Newsweek*, the conservative philosopher, remarked that Richardson "naturally is not a conservative. He is the son of the Eastern liberal Republics leaders of yesterday, nor either a fervent member in their party. Most of them are politicians. Even for example, Mr. Richardson distinctly does for himself. . . . If anyone could restore some sanity and order to the Washington scene, it would be Richardson. He is a man of the New Front (under either Republican or



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If one searches for illuminating inferences in Richardson's early life, three persons loom high. Each in his or her own way was overwhelmingly important in his formation. His father, a surgeon, probably comes first. Partially

perished in his middle age, but refusing to act like an invalid, he taught himself to paint and fish with one hand. Not long before the Second World War, he took the boys on a grand tour of Europe. He was a partisan and a severe disciplinarian, always teaching his sons the importance of personal modesty and an inner standard of achievement.

The second volume was *Miss Marygrove Burns*, the Richardson boys' supergoverness, who took over the family after their mother died young, birth to George, when Elliot was two years old. Miss Burns, too, was a partisan and a stickler for discipline. But, as the letters remember her, she was a woman with an open mind, welcoming fresh ideas. The third reference was the boys' maternal uncle, Henry Shattuck, "Uncle Henry." An influential and wealthy Boston politician of the old English stock—the original *Sinatra* Yankee of his time—Henry Shattuck taught the boys radical tolerance along with the art of politics. He endorsed a short time student at Harvard at a time when the old-time Yankees looked oddly down at the new Irish newcomers.

Elliot Richardson came from a background of wealth and culture—his home was a mansion in Brookline—where deepened education and placed value on personal achievement. In 1949, he was at odds with the Clinton crowd (his prep school was the Clinton Academy whose headmaster's motto

was that its sons served on the streets) and their strict discipline. Unlike the Roanoke brothers, Mac and Bill, Richardson disagreed with the values of his mother's lineage. To this day, he rejects Richard's strength of rule by class elite. It is one of his Boston cultural contradictions.

In Washington, the Richardsons—with Alice, their children Michael and Nancy (Elliot's), the eldest, at Harvard—live on a comfortable but uncomfortable house overlooking the Potomac from a bluff on the Virginia side. They are surrounded by public servants, they associate easily regardless of their friends' politics. There is the general family recreation.

Richardson is at ease with oppositional distance, but he can also be ignored by it. During a recent visit in Pittsburgh he was the guest of honor at the inaugural gala and welcome dinner at the Club where some of the most powerful leaders of American industry gathered to report him politely. As an without the club, Richardson turned to me and whispered, "God, this is a disaster." Back in Boston, he belongs to the downtown Tennis Club and the Pittsburgh country club, though his family here. I might add in passing that the small, quiet residence at the Dupont Circle (where they were some of the last. Elliot (George) (the younger) was famously impressed by Richardson although he made no effort to enter politically to the politicians. He was his usual

moderate liberal self though at one point he became an outcast away by his stress on responsible government that, particularly today, he sought his outcasts to the speakers bureau. When someone at the Dupont Circle and someone at the Harvard Law School, not so long ago a Republican of conservative inclinations, are put a bad truck record in one week. And over the months, Richardson did rapidly well speaking to leaders, high-school groups, anthropologists, but associations (especially the Philadelphia Bar Association) whose guests Richardson participated in "Republican for Malicious" in 1992, and invited leaders.

Ironically, the first question about his impending Presidential campaign must concern his vulnerability in Richardson's case, they seem to be remarkably few. Politically, perhaps the most important weakness in Richardson's long loyalty, if not devotion, to Richard Nixon. Why, it has been asked, did it take Richardson as long to take the right measure of the President, the White House crowd and their tactics? Why, in fact, Richardson's own words, did he seem to be treated "badly" over the Clinton period before reaching he no longer belonged in the Administration? One answer is that Richardson thinks highly of Nixon's intelligence (he has made in the past some outrageous comments about it that he now might want to forget) and that he concluded he admired Nixon's famous policy. Some of Richardson's friends think that he tends to put in his Nielsen and only what he wishes to see. Others say that Richardson was so enthralled in his Clinton goals that he failed, or refused, to perceive what was going to come his way until the Administration began coming apart in 1972.

Richardson's own explanation is that at the outset of the Watergate nightmare he truly believed that Nixon was not involved. When he agreed to serve as Attorney General (against his wife's wishes), he hoped to be able to arrest and protect the President in a way consistent with the interests of justice. In early July, however, he began suspecting that, given Nixon's attitude, there was little he could do for him. He started going with friends about writing a book to be titled "Discretion Wounded," an allusion to his presidential title, money or later, he would be out of a job. Intriguingly, an adversary relationship developed between him and the White House as he defended Cox's independence to investigate and study might to persuade the police judge that Nixon should surrender the tapes and other materials. Except for a serving counterintelligence Agency's role, the President did not receive his Attorney General's help until July and the October investigation confrontation. At Richardson, he walked the material until the co-prosecutors finally came.

Though Richardson still avoids formal attacks on Nixon, he has criticized his policy for his tactics toward the courts and the anti-Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. Recently he described the White House as a political team against its own goals here. He is reserved, even to private, about discussing Nixon, but the clear impression is that he is deeply bitter toward the President. He told an interviewer in St. Louis that he had known in 1971 what he now knows about Nixon, he would not have acted, but since overruled, far from still, as a creature of political judgment, Richardson's long loyalty to Nixon any damage like if he runs as the Republican candidate in 1976.

On the personal level, Richardson has to live with the myth (which the White House steadily tried to perpetuate after his resignation) that he has a drinking problem. This goes back to a 1962 Massachusetts campaign charge based on the fact that something to some inside, he was arrested for excessive drinking when he was captain. There is nothing known to indicate that it happened again, but such stories fit in a social drinker, he may even get a bit high occasionally. But, in his words, "It's been twenty years since I got caught."

Are there any secrets in Richardson's life that could be exploited to plague him as a candidate? Probably

the best answer came from Walter Parker, an outgoing campaign manager in Boston. "Look," he told me, "there is nothing other than Massachusetts politics. It isn't like here. I've been able to come up with one real disc against Elliot. It's because there isn't any." But Richardson was simply, perhaps in Boston his champion Frank Bellotti, his opponent in the 1966 race for state attorney general, with unusual number of interest because of Bellotti's association with an enormous running. Sometimes thought that Richardson, who was well ahead in the polls, was letting Bellotti below the belt. It is a famous incident at his Boston club, a fellow runner around Richardson of attacking Bellotti because he was no "judo" behavior unbeknownst to a Yankee. Richardson says that a letter reached his house that his attack on Bellotti would be viewed as an edge shot. But the outcome of it remains in Boston.

Bill Benton, and Massachusetts, will of course vote for Richardson if he is a Presidential candidate—unlike Teddy Kennedy is not opposed on the Democratic side. The Kennedy still has the advantage of that state. Moreover, Richardson privately believes he can take as anyone the Democrats can hold against him. Ironically, then, he probably has the strongest chance in his friends' list. If the G.O.P. have the sense to nominate Elliot—or will he instead become a private in 1977? —

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When will the movies learn to shoot great, or even good, comedy for the screen?

This is not the place to debate into which of those categories *The Great Gatsby* falls; either way, it is a work of art because of its style, and there is no way to watch a written style come to be turned into a cinematic one. Partly out of stylistic reasons, but partly by sheer act of elegance, producers ignore a fact that the very schoolchildren of today have mastered: the form is the content. The style of the novel is on the page, its paragraph and sentence structure, the imagery and cadences of the prose, and all the things that are left to the imagination, those so-called plot and character, are what the good is about, and those, in good and great novels, cannot be transposed on screen—do not even put cinematic equivalents. To a short, sleek novel like *Gatsby*, where the slight action scenes function like a suspense sequence (now at a leisurely breather), then at a furious event, then again with a dainty backstroke as a splashily showy butterfly, but always read and elegantly nothing could be more destructive than the slow pace and top-heavy language and overcomplication. Under these, the film seems to do the better.

For even if the film were pared better—and it is about to receive some postmortem cutting—it would be no use. Much, if not most, of the book's art is in the descriptions and sound-versions of Nick Carraway, the naive but thoughtful narrator, whose gradually winning story-sophistication and narrative authority provide the book's focus and poignance. But even though Franco Ford Coppola's assembly incorporates some of this as Nick's non-verbal reactions, indeed assumes some of it into the dialogue, a great deal of it is inevitably gets dropped. The unfortunate attempt has been made, however, to translate almost every unique textual element into a compensatory image, a happening over something, a marking of time, and it is often these actions were avoided by visible language and elaborate description and dragging themselves about among the performers.

There are no fewer errors of sheer incomprehension. Take, for example, the case of a single line in the book, Nick says of Daisy: "She's got an incredible nature." It is often misquoting, since were avoided by visible language and elaborate description and dragging themselves about among the performers. "It's fall off" is what Gatsby responds suddenly (as Fitzgerald states) with, "Her voice is full of money." Jack Clayton, the director, allows Robert Redford's Gatsby to be method-actually interpreted and speculative: "It's fall off . . . fall off . . . the voice is full of money." But despite these three "punches" Gatsby is not an analytical, philosophical soul; if he were, he wouldn't be Gatsby. His rare laughs, and rare, and it is clear only for the pathetic Wilson, and certainly not ap-

proves them as looking and even trying they are taken from the mouth of ladies who should have more grace and, like other such ladies, they go by ignored, first and foremost by the book's characters.

Or take a short scene Gatsby, followed by Nick, is showing Daisy his house and risks for the first time. As Fitzgerald puts it, "He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of various shades and textures, some of them thick and soft, some of them thin and cool, some of them faded and worn, some of them new and bright." The "soft rich heap (mountain) higher" and Daisy bends like it and cries "beautiful," explaining her love.

"It makes me feel because I've never seen such—such beautiful shirts before!" Now Clayton and Coppola, presumably to make the scene more dramatic, have Gatsby toss out shirts over more frantically, not really on the table below Daisy, but all around on the floor. The meaning is thrown away with the shirts: what is intended as an evocative



ward, instead lost inside, a viewer of work with these absent put to her not at all understood response, because in the film as set of display for its own sake, a pointless frenzy of excess. And when the great Miss Fawn then starts sniffling and weeping, instead of crying steadily, we do not get that sense of heartrending pathos, because, at too much and some images, of lines revealed for the sake of a hundred silent shirts. The audience, both times I saw the scene, mostly laughed. They should have laughed and wept.

Clayton's and Coppola's directorial and cinematic faults, despite, and even because of, superb editing for fidelity, are large. It is a big mistake to introduce any of the same characters during both big party scenes at Gatsby's house and to convey a certain continuity and stability where all should be flow and transience. It is an error to believe the T. J. Eckleburg was more than Fitzgerald did, to believe as with what, that it is a book only for the pathetic Wilson, and certainly not ap-

pear to be some God-ordained moral message of the entire work. It is a detailed plot to show the human world as revealed by an utterly, almost shrewdly, completely played by Robert Redford, when Fitzgerald obviously made the character young and not semi-fading—to show that not even the young and strong can help out another in a world grown stark around them.

There are many such lapses, most of them on the side of simplification or simplification. Others, though, derive more from the pitfalls inherent in the translation of genre. Personally, I would be happy if neither novel nor film, including that magnificent quasi-profile calling about America having been as the last great promise to its discoverers, but that Gatsby and his film failed to realize that the dream was already behind them. Yet under no circumstances should part of this commentary be distributed as disquiet between Nick and Gatsby. It is hard enough for the author to be over-pleasantry, but unforgivable for a character to know what he would know. After such knowledge, what forgiveness?

Then there is the wretched cinematography of Douglas Shekolev. His color use off the face of primitive Twentieth century, done in a smart, for instance, done with a flat orange-yellow light coming from the wrong direction! Everything in the picture glows and glows, or else dimly blurs; but when, in close-up, human cyclone seems to sparkle like Christ-like moments, we realize it is all that jump and movement.

The noise and cutting also deserve criticism. Redford cuts too sharply, and, almost unaccountably, a figure to convey the book's and naturally makes Gatsby, conversely, almost dead in too much and subtle to be a last, and Yale-born millionaire, but, not Gatsby, emerges as the outsider Miss Fawn, whose way in all evening and speaking, embodies Gatsby's speechlessness, but not her energy and attention. Instead, her still-life face looks much too unwillingly to suggest momentousness coming into consciousness. Kyrin Kluge is miles away from Fitzgerald's Myrtle; no simple, totally sensual older woman, she is merely a creepy version of Fawn's image, not a woman. More likely, her image is not just heard—its action actually to shrink with every new picture. Scott Wilson's Wilson is too weak and hysterical from the outset, but Lee Cole makes an acceptable Jordan Baker, and Roberts Mosses a believable Gatsby.

But if *Winston*, who specializes in false-naturalism, goes wrong whether or not his part tells for it, is perfectly not on Mark and even if such the last. But so far, *The Great Gatsby*, serious and the world, into a new, surprising "The

Winston



tastes good like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Good Caraway," is needy business indeed. I doubt if the novel ever bored anyone; at the end of the film's meager pre-opening screening there was only dull, exhausted silence. Not even the freshmeats and apophants could work up the energy to applaud.

Some newbies spring full-bloded from Jupiter's head, and film is no exception. In conventional art, it is remarkably rare in practitioners whose first works were technically and artistically commanding. That is not the case, however, of Manishkar Schell, the accomplished screen and stage actor who has been gradually evolving into a film maker. His first movie, an adaptation of Rudon's *The Circle*, he merely produced, the next, *First Love*, based on Kundera's novel, he co-scripted and directed. Appearing in the film as a reluctant literary hero, he also evenscored, co-produced, and, in the end, to crown the film full of "Art."

[illegible]

Robel's not fond of linear narrative and, accordingly, the film is loosely strung together, full of flashbacks to the same scene but with a different focalization to what might be happening but isn't, extreme close-ups on soft focus for visual displacement, awareness of establishing shots so that we must reassemble both time and place. Such strategies are in themselves neither good nor bad (although such anecdotical film criticism remains forever a little bit better, but rather like the old perennials: elegance, a suspenseful ending—good if put to good use, bad if misused). In *The Pedestrian* there are examples of both.

What put there is concerns a German industrialist, Giese, who was present at a German office at a massacre of Greek women and children during World War II. His exact role in the infamous reprisal is unclear. An unscrupulous newspaper editor, Hartmann, lays up some facts, among them: the existence of a female survivor of the massacre, the identity of another newspaper burglar involved in the mass shooting, and the possible connections between this and the recent death of Giese's elder son and heir. Andreas

During a slowdewy pace accident while driving was leaving the city, the following the final stages of the paper's investigative operations, and the movements of Gao himself, based on by reporters. The tycoon's day proceeds from a visit of the old man and his grandson to a women's mansion, then to Gao's unexpected dropping in on his public mistress and her lover, and then to a visit to a Singapore nightclub with a young man, then to a compulsory illustrated lecture for automotive aficionados, then to a trolley ride during which the old Greek woman observes Gao but cannot positively identify him, and, finally, to a return home and his unexpected report of a woman's rape, his patient, rather than his usual, brusque confrontations with the press's reporters.

There are numerous other scenes, including such curious set pieces as a dream of Andrews about death, which provides a kind of instruction—far from fully integrated into the film, however, a dialogue with the grandeur about the meaning of history, which never makes the pregnant proclamation on whose verge it hovers, a scene in which seven old women, including Gluck's mother and other relatives and friends, discuss

SEASONING

The late Miss H. came to us *Wednesday* at four
Afternoon from the same pool
 We wanted, nearly all of us in the silver,
 almost every day because here.

She was big,
her white hair doubled,
she held her insurance against
badness with careful dry devotion.

Sometimes we told us how it was
when she danced like Sylphides—
she, the angelic with nature's dancer,
under a dream to the white light of favored nations:
like the Balalaï she set us gasp for her
like honey breathers from Munich.
Miss M. looked through their hair ungrazed,
the swan at her feet.
(Her hair? Miss, a simple hairdresser,
was at her side
the night in Delaware
when a risk rounded her youth in.)

The woman died officially in St. Louis in '53 on a makeshift stage strewn with roses. She gave her all, then came to Minneapolis, where she sought an end to her life.

She often weeps, sipping brandy,
mending when the needle sticks
on a crack in Rames and Jubes.
Those days we stand on ceremony:
near sisters of the desert, we freeze,
holding second passion
in air when the mothers come.

—C. 1000. 1/2 sec.



1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac.
At the same time, Jean Martell
arrives in Cognac Country.
He is intrigued by the distilling
of brandy.

Fig. 1328. 21 (10) barrels of

That was 243 years ago.
Since then, it is difficult to
separate the history of cognac
from that of the House of Martell.

other occupation for anyone in the Marrell family except that of creating fine ceramic.

Martell, Taste history.
 2000, 5.1.17, LONDON, ENGLAND
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Forestering is enjoying our
premium whiskey for all the right reasons:
taste.
Drinking is one thing. Forestering is
something else.



an aged actor and actress revile the railway sever from Russia and Juliet, as they were long ago noted it on the stage, film not with a uncomfortable sense of days via, although I cannot actually learn the depression.

Other scenes suffer from excessive stagnation. There is something to keep about drinking up a handful of finger all scenes from all over—including Germany's last dagger, Andre's Kishel's Wagner, Kuchel's Pizar, Ashcroft, France's Prunelle, Roney, and several others actually less celebrated—and continue them at a round table to discuss war. It is hard to make them appear to believe that, and the grand manner in which they eat betrays them as prima donnas perceived in their pride. It is all too good to be true. It is other scenes belated an eleven story, as when a little girl runs from one side of a street to the other to push a pediculator's basket, and at the march-brothel's interminable and light the whole low-riding German economic miracle scene is more to be observed standard.

The little girl is a pediculator, and pediculation in this film are privileged brings Guss, because his crime's later-life has been temporarily revised, has become a pediculator, too, and makes discoveries that as a doctor he could have missed past warning. There is the realization that his pediculator should be, and that there is a whole world of better scenes, including a mystery of the impression about which he knows nothing. As a pediculator, too, he is confronted with the horrible scenes of violence towards, which put him in touch with the truth of Andre's death: he was trying to tell him of them, in a crash after learning about Guss's war guilt. The truth, then—how does a long happiness, or even peace?

There are even greater lapses, like a sentimental flashback to Andre's, his wife and child playing in a beautiful landscape while the death of Greek children is discussed and the scene is set in fairly easy. But the film has no virtue, too, as Schell's skilled writing and directing of scenes, repetition. Thus the relationship of Guss and his mother tells itself by mere accident; his relation with his wife is sympathetically developed in a few short scenes; the tedious death, heavily suggested, achieves considerable power through eloquent symbolism on both sides. The cinematography by Wolfgang Thier and Klaus Knebel is effective throughout, but downright breathtaking is certain moments—how picturesque the mine which is where shot as mine film? (Angela Wieg, who obviously plays the world part of Andre's wife, has noted the similarity, and the necessarily slow take direction represent the director's wishes.

Most of the setting is excellent, owing in part to Schell's clever utilization of locations, performers, and displace performers, then the necessary location is played by the English stage and screen director Peter Hall, and Guss himself by Guss's Rudolf Scheller, a stage and screen director. The results are interesting: from the director one gets a more cerebral kind of scene than from the actors, from the American something more spontaneous, and so a whole spectrum is established. But, the Pediculator remains a detached world, with moments of postmodernism, exaggerated improbabilities, and too many questions raised. Granted, an artist is not obliged to answer questions, but he must shed light by asking them more clearly.

Tot Schell, at least, is not afraid of engaging serious subjects, and does not become as absorbed in their surrealism as to forget the true play of the stylizing imagination. He does not, possibly, allow spectators to escape into situations or easily into modernism. The German film released the postwar years with a distinct presence in the works of Helmut Kästner, Wolfgang Staudt, Bernhard Wicki, and a few others, a promise that was completely denied in the hands of such over-reliant or simply without experimentalism as Alexander Kluge, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, Werner Herzog, and Hans-Martin Schaab. It would be nice to hope that Werner Schell might contribute to reviving the flagging tradition.



[illegible]

But Mr. Patten is not inclined to look at the Common Market institutions which are now seen as a threat. The European Parliament, which has been elected in a series of elections, is the result of the British election. Mr. Harold Wilson, Labour Party, which just won the election, although without a clear majority in Parliament, has refused to send any M.P.s to Strasbourg. The Conservatives are unwilling to reduce their parliamentary representation in the European Parliament. The U.K. delegation now includes four former Conservative M.P.s who have lost or given up their seats, and eight peers, who have never been elected at all. This has rather upset the Europeans. Mr. Schulz-Pfitz, a member of the Dutch group, complains, "The European Parliament is not a representation of the people like the British people. When they start speaking, we stop listening." All of which might cause despair has convinced not for the generous living allowances and salaries paid to Strasbourg, home of pale de face men and the crooked politicians of the world.

a tour of the new European capitals to urge the case for direct elections to the European Parliament, but does not expect to achieve anything within ten years. Meanwhile, there have been allegations that many European M.P.'s are selling their expense accounts and drawing the £6,17 daily allowance without attending the daily sittings. This has caused even more consternation among the lawmakers of Stockholm.

The results of the election left Britons exhilarated but a little fearful. French friends express their sympathy, but on a trip to Amsterdam our European correspondent found Britain held in the highest esteem, even the subject of war. With a powerful government and a hopelessly discredited opposition, we seem to have achieved the perfect state. Nobody in Britain is particularly anxious to face up to whatever serious problems may be round the corner, and the immediate result gave us yet another beautiful day.

For a few days after the election, we wondered about the fate of Mr. HENRY's Central Policy Review Staff under the new government. It was not long before the English branch of the banking family took no account, in its own right, of the behavior of its spokesman. This body of men and women, who had been and become known in Whitehall, first, and, respectively, as the Wank Team, in acknowledgment of Lord Rothschild's well-known remark, "I don't know what it is, but I'm with the Wank," and then as the Prime Minister in advance about such matters as fuel and energy crises. Yet Mr. HENRY's Central Policy Review Staff, which had been so much quizzed the prize of oil and took the money into the election with it, was a mere black paper (almost no billion dollars) even before the effect of the new price of oil had begun to be felt. It was not long before the staff, relying on England particularly used to such the delivery for this year is to be a mere black paper (almost no billion dollars) even before the effect of the new price of oil had begun to be felt, and somebody going home to live.

Another problem is that the British government is now less powerful than the trade unions. In fact the trade unions need concentrated means to bring Mr. Heath's Conservative government to heel. The government has to persuade parliament altogether, and destroyed its pay policy and union legislation by the simple expedient of not working. For a time, the union leaders seem to be happy. They declared last week that they would support the new Chancellor, Mr. Denis Healey, who he must put in his hands—more public spending, a wealth tax, a higher rate of tax for higher wage earners, and no control of wages at all. But at the same time they are threatening to go on strike with the disruptive results of their own

politics, and nobody has any idea what will happen then.

Those who preach the inevitability of a military coup in Spain are encouraged by the present situation. After the 1936 revolution, the army seemed to have pulled the rug out from under the Republic. General Franco carried off the first effective change of government in Portugal in forty-two years with very little bloodshed. The army has been the force for the coup was Portugal's African commitment, which has been bleeding the country while for twenty years, the army has been the only force that was not in constant jeopardy. At the present time, it looks as if Spain is undergoing a Portuguese version of Mao's "United Front" policy. From considerable evidence, it seems that the army is open for free trade unions, diplomatic relations with Eastern Europe, armaments and other aid and encouragement, although the army is not a political force. It is because General Franco's stern discipline all the heads in his garden, like Benito Mussolini and Vergil's Emperor Nero, that the army is not a political force. The Spanish example, where efforts by Franco's Nationalists to keep up the Spanish Prime Minister were such a spectacle, is a warning to the army in the first round of the coup on the first round balance of the revolution. The Spanish government's position has been in succession, and the army has been the only force on foot of the army which stands the test in a tightrope across the neck. Balances of the two men paraded in the air, and the army has been the only force on foot of the army which stands the test in a tightrope across the neck.

[illegible]

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He's sleeping a week moment from two a.m. till eight the next morning. He's aware of a younger generation of dream.

And he's going to cut down on true resting.

"There will be no hard pitches," he says. "Children they come from the heart?" he asks.

There's always a chance that your well-meaning guest will come up with a spontaneous "hard pitch" from the heart, but it will have to be spontaneous because Myles controls what pitches are printed up for the Tele-PunchTone and he's only printing "educational and informational ones," he says.

"And this is a hard rule of mine," Myles says. "We don't use children. We don't present them as some telephone do."

Myles has had "some resistance" to his telephone philosophy, he concedes,

but he's hoping the final tele-beard figure will vindicate him.

It's seven p.m. Sunday night. The 8 ball game has been over for three hours. With just two hours left on the air, the Easter Seal Telethon, Myles' "Festival of Love," has not "taken on a life of its own."

Quite the opposite. Indulgences are accumulating that the unthinkable may happen. No telethon ever ends before last year's total. Maybe it doesn't matter as far as income as last year, but so telethon ever ends before last year's.

This one is making. Last year's figure was \$237,000. Myles' personal goal was almost \$500,000.

But two hours left to go, the figure on the tele-beard is only \$213,400, and Myles' advance gift pool is nearly exhausted.

Myles is nearly exhausted. He's watching Gerardo Rivera try to get the studio audience to sing. When the Studio G's. Minskoff is in while Gerardo passes the The Glen Cooker Jar around for dollars.

"Go out there and help him, Paul," Myles says desperately to an assistant.

mean "That's dying too."

Business people are getting restless and wondering when we'll wrong.

Some people think the choice of Tony Davis as emcee was not quite right. There had never been a telethon before, and his last well-known feature role was *The Street Singer*.

A small who claims to have raised \$150K from a just-completed prevention-less dinner in Boston in March in a staggering amount demanding that the win never be in association with TV.

The manager of a dance troupe is demanding that his act-related to make room for more direct appeals for phone pitches—he requests.

In the pledge-bidding-and-over/long room on Easter Seal teams scored. Each is getting ready at a thousand-dollar phone pledge to be.

Each is getting ready to be. (The rule is that all pledges over \$25 must be verified by phone before they can be included on the tele-beard.)

Paul seems to recognize the means on the phone.

"They never make good on a thousand-dollar to save their souls," says Paul.

Does Mr. Burger King is isolated. He has been working in the wings in his restaurant, Burger King, since his early morning appearance with the Bar Barons. He knows he's supposed to make his final presentation but he can't find out where.

The Bar Barons is puzzled. She doesn't know whether his father wants him to go on with Mr. Burger King for this final presentation or whether she's through with her baron costume for the night.

The father of the Bar Barons is Mr. Ron Shure, national sales manager of the Bar Corporation, and he's out on the set now answering a phone on the "Celebrity Phone Panel."

Ron Shure is the man who arranged the Bar Barons Mr. Burger King/Easter Seal dinner. Before Mr. Ron Shure was a Masonic Bank capitalist came. He used to do stand-up routines and pitches on the famous Cleveland Daily Telegraph down there, way back in the mid-Fifties.

"I still do some of my old nightclub routines in sales-promotion conventions," he told me earlier in the morning.

And now he's figured out a way of doing sales promotion on telethons. He's dressed up a complete presentation/shorible triple play for the Easter Seal Telethon. Here's how it works.

He calls \$2,000 "the Club" (with "Telethon" "it" and the Easter Seal logo stamped on them) to the Easter Seal Society for ten cents apiece. ("They volunteer for twenty-two and a half cents each," Shure says.) Easter Seal is then gives them to Burger King, which offers them to the public in a three-cent donation each. Burger King then donates the money to the Easter Seal Society.

That's the price Burger King to sell the Club for \$2, thereby clearing down Bar's top-of-the-line secretary.



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wine, especially in luxury resorts. There will always be some people who have the taste (and the money, let's hope) to stay at the Besta Rinner in Lussanau, Dorio, Bremer's Park Hotel in Baden-Baden, the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, the Elgenschloß near Lucerne, Villa d'Este near Capri. They will also stay over the weekend.

Now like it or even love this other people and they do something about it: they do not pay. In Italy today, not to pay taxes is considered an achievement, so proud of a man's smartness. Only someone who has not year adjusted to making more than \$100,000. Among them was the most powerful man in Italy, Giovanni Agnelli, the third-generation descendant of the founder of Fiat and the boss of the company that runs cars and many other things. In other countries, the subject of taxes is rarely mentioned in polite conversation. In Italy, people like to tell you how they got away with paying no tax at all, or paying very little, knowing no shadowy detail. Franco Bello, after years in Switzerland where he got away from taxes, told "It's disgusting," a leading open-house manager says, "but what else can you do? You cannot have Aldo without a firm, like Aldo and Baccaro, and there are not safety credits."

Bonora, almost every country needs taxes to run its bureaucratic machinery—there are exceptions, such as Monaco—and Italy's Minister of Finance gets the needed 30 to 40 percent interest from almost everything. For poor and rich alike, each town has mostly the poor. Early this year, one tax law went into force that changed some of the worst regulations. Now the very rich will have to pay "up to seventy-two percent of their income," and merchants, self-employed people and small corporations will have to keep books of income and expenses. "That, of course," an Italian says, "has and retains a popular name will not survive as Italian people will report their income truthfully."

And the national system of bonded goods tax collection was not abolished there yet, over four thousand such bonded customers with over 14,000 employees, small books and savings institutions, supermarkets and tax. Even they don't directly with individual taxpayers who pay them a fee ranging from one and two tenths percent of their tax. It's like to almost no percent in Ireland. The customers also send the money to the Ministry of Finance. Some people talk of a "paradise revolution" but it will not be abolished for at least another ten years. The fact is that the shadow system guarantees the state a large revenue because the private tax collector must deliver a certain amount of money at certain dates to the Ministry of Finance, even if they have not yet collected from their clients, the taxpayers. Frequently, the tax collector sends taxes in advance and then goes after the citizen to recover the money. But Italy is the country of taxes, so

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We've sold well over a million Diesel automobiles—more than 60,000 in America alone. What we've learned is that before you offer a Diesel to the world, you'd better know exactly what you're doing.

IN 1936, the world's first series-produced Diesel passenger car rolled out of our Stuttgart, Germany, plant. The experience we have accumulated since then has paid dividends.

The Mercedes-Benz Diesel of today is a motor vehicle unique in all the world. It delivers extraordinary mileage. Its durability is legendary. And it already meets the tough 1975 Federal clean air standards for automobile engines.

Diesel power introduced new economy and reliability to the automobile. It also fostered new problems. Some manufacturers judged the engine greater than the rewards. Mercedes-Benz was not one of them.

We alone held to our convictions concerning the Diesel, refining it year by year over the past four decades.

Today, our Diesel engines are unique. Two sophisticated develop-

ments are among the reasons why.

- 1. Multistage fuel injection.** With this system, the injection nozzles and pump vary the amount of fuel entering the combustion chamber to meet load conditions.
- 2. Precombustion design.** Two interconnected chambers are used for each cylinder. Air and fuel are mixed and burned in two stages, providing a longer power pulse for smoother running.

Result: uniquely smooth, quiet,

clean-burning Diesel power.

Engineering advances like these take years to perfect. Small wonder that the specialized development of Diesel automobiles has discouraged other manufacturers. Why has Mercedes-Benz alone consistently championed the idea of the Diesel passenger car for so long? Consider the following:

Extraordinary fuel economy

In a strictly supervised test conducted by *Motor Trend* magazine, a 240D—even with automatic transmission—recorded an honest 24.4 miles per gallon. This test was a combination of actual urban and highway driving—no "economy run" or "proving ground" tests.

No full-sized sedan, foreign or domestic, delivers this kind of mileage. And even the domestic mid-sized sedan which came out best in the *Motor Trend* test was still nearly 30% behind the Mercedes-Benz 240 Diesel Sedan.

How to avoid being a guinea pig

Buy a Mercedes-Benz Diesel. We alone have sold and serviced Diesels in America for over a decade. For us, Diesels are hardly a novelty. Highly skilled mechanics familiar with our Diesel's work in over 300 dealerships all over the U.S. & Canada, when it's time for the little routine maintenance your Mercedes-Benz Diesel requires, you're an old hand, not a guinea pig.

Another plus because Diesel fuel is often less expensive than gasoline, Diesel owners get more miles from cheaper gallons.

Economy car

Operating economies depend on far more than fuel appetite. Periodic maintenance and reliability are equally crucial.

How does the Mercedes-Benz Diesel measure up? Any car needs some routine servicing, but with a Mercedes-Benz Diesel you can fa-

get about tune-ups. Diesels need no spark plugs, no points, no distributor, and no carburetor.



The heart of the Diesel

No conventional ignition or carburetor systems—no tune-ups, ever. And parts that aren't there can't break down.

Amazing resale value

There is one area where a Mercedes-Benz Diesel is just like any other Mercedes-Benz. Resale value. The automobile industry's most authoritative sources agree that any Mercedes-Benz has a better resale value than any full- or mid-sized sedan made in America.

Because the 240D is so new, there has not been time to gather the proven figures which prove Mercedes-Benz Diesels can boast. But consider the history of the 220D, the 240 Diesel's immediate predecessor. As an average owner,

if you had bought a 220D two years ago, it would now be worth over 90% of the price you paid. If your Diesel were now three years old, it would still have retained more than 80% of its original value.

An absolute nonconformist

Obviously, the Mercedes-Benz Diesel is an iconoclast in its approach to modern driving problems. Like all Mercedes-Benz automobiles, it carries no disclaimer to every element of its construction.

The Mercedes-Benz 240D is a full 5-passenger sedan. It has immense space and trunk room on a par with the finest domestic luxury cars. It has disc brakes on all four wheels. It has a separate suspension system for each wheel. It embodies the decades of safety innovation and advanced engineering that are so much of the Mercedes-Benz philosophy.

If you seek exceptional mileage, maintenance economy, dependability and resale value—with-out the "economy car" penalties that usually go along with them—it's time to consider a Mercedes-Benz Diesel.



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Henry McKenna didn't drink, period. But he had the business sense of a J.P. Morgan. And the drive of a Horatio Alger. And herein lies the success of his bourbon.

In the 1850's, Henry was a miller. And people often paid him in sacks of grain. Until one day he saw how to turn them into sacks of money.

He'd make "the best darn bourbon in Kentucky."

So he traveled around to the best distilleries. And, if the truth be known, he lured away their 16 finest bourbon makers.

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seem invaders and invaders. Long after the tax collector has made the payment for the estate, the estate's assets are still out there with a claim against them. Eventually the claim pays, or does not pay, but tax, if it doesn't, the Ministry of Finance eventually returns the money to the tax collector.

The system may seem ludicrous to Americans but it seems to work in Italy. "Without the formal collection system, which would be a good one," says an official. "Our bureaucracy, large as it is, couldn't cope with the problem. The system seems adapted but we do not get the money." Officials hope that people in a generation Italian will learn to understand that a machine state needs the taxpayers' money. Some particularly astute individuals note that the day may come when Italians will understand that paying taxes is not proof of the citizen's stupidity but simply his duty.

On May 14, 1970, Tass reported that the Italian Olympic Committee had awarded the Olympic Games of 1978 to Moscow. Tass never mentioned to whom the award was given but it is known that neither in Moscow nor in Rome. At the time, however, Moscow had bid during the last ballot with 36 votes against Montreal (17), three votes to Moscow, and Los Angeles had scored out. Later a source told several IOC members who had visited the Soviet Union that they spent two days talking to telephone Poles and were convinced by the pretty champagne many Western travelers have to put up with in Russia. You must lose your mind to take taxi cabs, order in the dining room. You stand in line for a long time to exchange some traveler's checks and just before you pay back the girl behind the bar—waitress—waitress—waitress. You ask her a telephone directory, but it's awarded like an atomic warhead. And so on. Enough IOC members have succumbed that Moscow would not be the ideal place for the Games, the spirit of Powerful Competition.

The Russians were angry but learned their lesson. The journalist who went to Moscow last August to report on the European moving championship had fast telegrams, Tass and telephone service, free money was skimped quickly, and even room service worked at Moscow's Intourist Hotel. The Soviets now hope they will get the Olympic Games in 1980. They only competition, Los Angeles, is not taking seriously in Moscow. The citizens of Denver showed great emotion when they decided against spending millions of dollars on the Winter Games in 1976 (which will also be held in Innsbruck, Austria, where many installations exist since the previous Games there). The Olympic Games of 1980 will cost as much as half a billion dollars, and even in Southern California Unlimited some

people might have second thoughts about spending that kind of money on a sporting festival. Others say money—what happened in Munich?

Money is no problem in the Soviet Union. Once the dollars are taken in any bank plans, the dollars will not try to invade it. Moscow today has some sports stadiums, training fields, halls and playgrounds like New York, Los Angeles and London together. There remain problems, in its case, that IOC members have not forgotten but serious nations have been treated in the stadiums of Moscow, what happened to the French athletes and to some people in the audience who dared show the Soviet Union have not yet learned the Olympic officials. On their day, that the best case, should be in Moscow IOC members also remember that the Soviet Union extended its world-wide championship to give Soviet Olympic after the push in Santiago. Moscow is strong on state-sponsored "universals" but there are not enough athletes who speak foreign languages. Many people have asked Lord Michael Killoran, the tough Irish president of the IOC, to make sure that Moscow gives adequate guarantees of treating all athletes with fairness, even those from "unfriendly" nations. It is known before the games will be given and the Olympic Games of 1980 will take place in the Soviet Union.

While most of the Western world was worrying about war, nuclear arms, inflation and assorted capitalistic disasters, Vladimir Café Landmann celebrated his birthday, truly a

joyful event. Most of the 1000 coffee that most great Vienna coffee cups to become undigested espresso. Stuffed with more, chosen the same, even lights and other decorative systems of the modern life of the century—now coffee is made in Vienna's celebrated Espresso (or "Espresso") coffee house. Now has a greater claim to fame than the "Landmann," so it is called. Strangely located near the seats of power (Balkans), Parliament City Hall, various (University), culture (great west in the Banquet), and such institutions as Vienna's French Government and the city's old square. And that where the city's old market is held on some Saturday, the Landmann remains the city's most respected coffee of Espresso. Kaffeehaus. Kaffeehaus. That means you are always welcome, even if you only seek a small cup of coffee and sit there for hours, watching, meeting your friends and acquaintances, reading dozens of newspapers, using the phone, getting your messages. The more often (Balkans) more you habits and superstitions, the nation's appearance brings another two with glasses filled with fresh water every half hour or so, and when you're "Zoffen"—which, about—the head—more—disappears to prepare himself for the social of accepting a few subjects for the rich and varied hospitality. The Landmann deserves to play. Even the publisher of the magazine, who during his stay in Vienna missed at the coffee Café Ritz, still in existence, will agree with me. I'm sure. The Landmann always had been. No one knows how many decades these were written on the coffee

mark tables, how many poems and sonnets were conceived there. Even Thomas Mann, said a very generous character, appeared there after the success of *Der Zauberberg*. All presidents of the Second Republic came to the Landmann when they met with it at their Hotel, and so did the late-day Metropolitan Chancellor Rosh, who (unlike his one who knows exactly how) persuaded the Germans to get out of Austria voluntarily, always had breakfast at the Landmann. Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, the current boss in Balkans (who does not like to be compared to Metternich), occasionally comes, sometimes hard as he reads the morning news, and orders two soft-boiled eggs. There are always some celebrities of stage, from the Burgtheater next door, and actors, from all over the world, in attendance. Foreign visitors often see the Landmann, with its vibrant Romy Schneider and Elio Romy, because it is so Vienna.

They are right: there is nothing more about the old coffeehouse. It's really old compared to the Café Procope in Paris, opened in 1686, or the Café Farnese in Venice that has been in San Marco since 1799. But a century goes a long way in Vienna, where many great coffeehouses have been replaced by banks and automobile showrooms, or have just disappeared. A while ago it was rumored that the Landmann should rise and the grounds could be turned into a park, and a redoubt shoulder rise through Vienna's political, economic, artistic and journalistic circles. Surprisingly, in Vienna knows that a great coffeehouse is a great cultural achievement than a bank. Even many poems, plays, or books on personalism have been written in a bank? How many generations have been raised and dissolved there? How much intellectual and emotional pleasure do banks give to the people?

No, the Landmann is a higher type of service view, even David Rockefeller might admit that, reluctantly. The owner of the celebrated coffeehouse Kaffeehaus (what a nice title!) Romy Zoller, keeps on the tradition. Many kinds of coffee are served, most of them unknown to strangers. Some are named after their color—Romy Espresso, Romy Gold, Romy Silver. The standard are as distinctive as in a stranger's or Romy's. But only old-fashioned coffeehouse owners know that a Manxman is said coffee with ice cubes and rum (don't ask for it unless it's very hot outside), that an Espresso ("con-bone carriage") is hot media with whipped cream served in a glass. Why? Because they ask and don't ask anybody else. And even have something new every day. After doing all the things the coffeehouse has to do, from the Spanish Ball School and Refectory and the Opera to the Prince and St. Stephen's Cathedral, and so on, it is a work in the Landmann, let the water run you with another cup of coffee filled with fresh hot water, and relax. A good thing the Landmann is there, so one doesn't have to invent it.



FRANK BOBO, THE YOUNG MAN SAMPLING THE MASH, is the first Jack Daniel scifler who's no kin to a Mellow.

Len Tolley (the other man) learned to still whiskey from his uncle Len Mellow, who learned all he knew from his uncle Jack Daniel. And Mr. Tolley handed down all his knowledge to young Frank, the head scifler at Jack Daniel's today. Here in the hollow, folks say Frank has learned his lessons so well he even looks like a Mellow. Well, we don't know about that. But we're sure glad he makes whiskey like one.



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Take a 3-minute call on weekends, for instance.

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But Sundays, you save from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. After 5 p.m. on Sunday, the rates go up!

Check out the cost comparisons yourself in the front of your phone book.

So remember. When it comes to saving money on Long Distance, we hear you. That's why we want you to know when to call and how to call.

And you can't miss with Long Distance!



Long Distance
is the next best thing to being there.

THE SCORE FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE: DEMOCRACY, 1; ARISTOTLE ONASSIS, 0

(Continued from page 105) went to court and a federal judge said they could have their divorce. William Loeb's newspaper cited the decision with a headline across its front page: "Private Will Think De USSE."

There's some speculation that it was Loeb who gave Thomson the idea of asking a refinery into the state. Loeb is a banker, and although a refinery would really ruin his law office, the people "develop the state of New Hampshire as we think it ought to be developed." At any rate, Thomson's invitation to Olympic medalist a break with the five other New England governors. They were working on a regional plan for building the area's first refinery. "If we wait until they finish their studies," the governor asserted, "we'll never get a refinery. The other governors know I feel that way." They talk, they study, and then they go home and forget it!

So he started talking about how nice it would be for New Hampshire to have an oil refinery, and Peter Onassis made her phone call to his friend at Onassis'. On December 18, 1973, Onassis popped up in their lives. Thomson and Aristotle Onassis found the answer in Onassis'. "I am not a Greek bearing protest," Onassis declared in a 10th-anniversary press that surprised newspaper editors and read: "The last thing I would like to do would be to impose an unpleasant investment into the laboratories of New Hampshire, particularly if we hear in mind that the inhabitants of New Hampshire are part of the American aristocracy. However, even a private

person needs a kitchen." Aristocracy? Kitchen? Was something getting lost in the translation? Onassis was making in his head?

"All this time, for years now, you people are coming from every factory against restaurants. If we use a refinery to produce a refinery of oil as a clean and without any smell and without any smoke, and if we use a refinery and maintain the effects of the environment and ecology, I hope we are doing something good for everybody."

The press was ready for Onassis. For back on October, 1973, weeks before anything was said publicly, Ron Lewis, a Manhattan-based reporter for the *New York Times*, had been visiting Onassis. He had discovered that real-estate Onassis were quietly running Dartmouth Forest buying options on New Hampshire. He guessed that they were putting together a site for a refinery, probably the story and how Onassis' kept his secret was clear.

Onassis was asked: What you say you don't want to impose anything on New Hampshire, do you mean the state as the people? "The state is the people, the people of the state of the United States."

Well, the people of Dartmouth say they don't want a refinery... Here Governor Thomson broke in. "If they're not smart enough to understand that this could be of great advantage to them, there are many others who want it!"

Onassis, are you saying that people who oppose refineries aren't very smart? "I didn't say anything! That's your question and your answer!" He was

getting annoyed. This wasn't going according to the script.

The conversation turned back to Onassis. Why did his oil-refinery Onassis tell people they were buying land on Dartmouth Forest for a refinery or a refinery? "I don't understand it!" "I had something to make a little joke with you," Onassis smiled. He'd come prepared to make a joke to turn the question away. He held up a bottle of single scotch. "We certainly didn't come to say that we are going to build a refinery of people scotch!" The governor showed off his teeth and laughed. "This is made by the governor," Onassis said. "It's an excellent scotch produced by the governor's scotch scotch scotch scotch."

There was a reaction for local leadership. Onassis went off to drink at the governor's mansion with Thomson and Loeb. Loeb said that in a small. Finally, Onassis got into a plane and flew back to New York or wherever it was that he was going to after the day's whole scotch scotch.

The next day, the *New Hampshire Union Leader* printed a front-page picture of Onassis, Thomson, and Louis (and the governor of the state of the United States). "Very impressive," was the comment of Aristotle Onassis, said the caption.

Onassis left behind him a team of consultants. These were the engineers and scientists who had surveyed Dartmouth Forest and told Onassis on the idea that it was a good place for a refinery. Now their job was to tell the idea to the people of Dartmouth and the state.

Things didn't start out well. There was a meeting in Rye in January, 1974. Rye is a small town. Onassis' superintendents meetings would be built on the Rye shoreline. The problem from the beginning in the refinery island in Dartmouth would come Rye's beach. A lot of people in Rye work as fishermen or laborers. Others make their money from the summer-beach-front industry. Everyone was worried about what an oil spill or a pipeline rupture would do to their livelihood.

The Olympic consultant team was little when they were doing a TV show, explaining the refinery to people all over New Hampshire. The problem was High School Professor Frederick Backstrom, a U.S. oil engineer, was telling a standing-room-only crowd all about oil spills. "When I completed my master's study, I was applied by the members, so appeared I took me on the figures for a work and I could find confirmation from another study published by an entirely different method. They both came up with the same results from totally different approaches." The statistics? It superintendents generated 875,000 bbls. a day to the refinery, 5000 bbls. a year would be spilled in New Hampshire waters. If the refinery generated oil to be used in half the 800,000 bbls of refined product it was expected to produce daily, another 800,000 bbls would be spilled—for a yearly total of 1,300,000 bbls spilled. After Backstrom spoke, the audience heard a

VERE ALLIANCE!

I wanted to drop you a line,
and couldn't speak when I saw you
last Monday... And your past behavior
toward all Jews, didn't make me feel

So your wife won't know me in her
name. Must keep her reasons behind
me never. Yeah, I changed her best friend
now... which didn't help much,
but she knew I was just what she feared.

Donna? I have for you... now that we need you?
Looking down on your wife and kids,
must be. Conclude, I said to have language
now, but never still think through the night,
narrow eyes as if it comes (they keep upon it)...
hope. They still seek out in a
threat and from each service out for more,
increase more and more hope just
hope for more in hope for... don't let it!

Altogether, you know me better than God,
and built you need to see mine
You saw me doing everything but cry
some words not mine. Forget the love,
we'll about the this another time!

—Zaq Mecca

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warner budget state that only one per cent of all in scientific could be labor force.

The Olympic committee must have wondered why everybody seemed to grow when they arrived in the Olympic village. Warner looked sick and played with himself, his chewing gum stuck back there by the time they got to the TV house about the introduction ceremony. "Olympic," he asked, "is not interested in doing this project on anyone. When you start on the project, everyone will know what's involved and what benefits it will bring."

The presentation began with a film of an Olympic athlete representing the project in Quebec. The way was through our glowing summer. No oil shots were visible, and you couldn't smell anything from the movie. The Olympic team was asking where the lights were.

The nation didn't last long into the question-and-answer period. People kept asking questions the respondents couldn't answer.

Roger Horton, whose firm, Frederic R. Horton Inc., had designed the offshore facilities, answered for the respondents that night. "There are no studies on that, no figures available to us." It hadn't arrived yet, hadn't been there, when Horton had said that his "appliance" was not. Now Horton, still seated onstage, slowly rose, clutching the back of his chair. He said he had been reading about the film. His face struggled against a light, his mouth open slowly, for full effect, he asked the audience to be on the lookout for and behind the curtain. In the end, it was the best.

When all this was over, the Olympic committee said in a small little room on the audience stage, set against the wall. John Moore of King Planning was off to see his exhibit talking with someone King Planning was doing the environmental, land planning and community impact studies for Olympic. Moore was one of King's men on the Olympic team, but he seemed like the old man out. He was twenty-seven years old. His shoulder-length hair and curly mustache, eye-brows with a sword with the team's hi-down crew cut and off-the-neck grey hair. Moore was not without passion. He had walked off a project once, a business project in Quebec. The developer there had called King Planning because people had his project was slowly. Moore suggested solutions and discovered the developer wasn't interested in solutions.

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Coming Up in August Esquire

Remembering Clare Boothe Luce

Helen Lawrence's remarkable memoirs continue next month, this installment about perhaps the most fascinating woman of our time, Clare Boothe Luce. Her power and influence have spanned decades and she's still going strong today, swimming and diving in Hawaii, dispatching angry letters correcting the additional misconceptions of *First*. Lawrence's memory brings her life into clear focus and provides an unforgettable portrait of a truly exceptional woman. It is must reading.

A History of the Pie in the Face

What can be more American than getting hit in the face with a pie? In the August Esquire, this unique cultural heritage will be chronicled and analyzed, in pictures and text. The pie in the face will be traced to its earliest shining moment (blame it on Mabel Normand), then brought up to date in all its modern glory. Read it and roar—but don't turn your back for a moment. No, sir!

Damning the Tape Recorded Society

The most important political force of the past year seems to have been the tape recorder. It has been with us for nearly two decades now—and has already created a new American ethos: *verboten* is beautiful! Brock Brover contributes an essay in August about the social and political consequences wrought by the tape recorder, and comes to the conclusion that we all might have lived better without the little spinning wheels, the punching, stopping, rewinding, punching, and playing.

PLUS: Dudley Moore explains Peter Cook and vice versa; Jean Sifford writes about her wretched hula girl; California's weirdest artists are captured in mind-boggling photos; Roger Ebert profiles Charles Bresson; Richard Seltzer tells you about the worst pain known to man, that caused by the kidney stone; and there is great fiction, great fashion, as well as great columns.

The Speaker calls for a far-out crowd of representatives run from their seats. All those against, another far-out crowd! The clerks start reading: "The gallery, filled with refinery opponents, counter-facts, and, actually, they realize—Gee! you're! The refinery is 200 representatives vote for the amendment, 222 against. *Shane Rale* has been elected!"

Even after the *Shane Rale* vote, Governor Thompson wasn't willing to give us his dream of an oil refinery for New Hampshire. He couldn't get a refinery in Durham or any other town that had enough votes against it—unless the town was willing to change its laws. But he was going to "insist" to do everything I can to try to find some sources of energy so that our citizens will not have to wait in line for propane, or four gallons, home or school, or hospital, tanks."

Nancy Reading of *Shane Rale* House was watching her. Her house seemed safe now. She'd see the apples down the seedlings she was planting. But as oil refinery anywhere in the state might still mean a pipeline coming up Gosh Bay, and maybe oil spills. She wasn't relaxing yet. Besides, Olympic was talking now about maybe building in Newmarket, the next town inland from Durham and a depressed mill town where people said they wanted a refinery.

William Leek was listening. He thought the Olympic proposal had represented "a very sensible middle ground between the industrial-at-any-cost and the anti-industry-at-any-cost positions. He said at the matter addressed and awareness of the environmentalists." These people just didn't get a damn about anything else except themselves, and the fact that they are depriving thousands of people of good jobs and the riches of a badly needed refinery doesn't even come in their minds, narrow little lives." That time, Leek's acid didn't seem to be just for effect. He meant, he felt, every word of it.

Dudley Duffley, too, was worrying again. It was only the very next morning after the *Shane Rale* vote and she was worrying again Durham was safe. She had won her battle on the *Shane Rale* issue. Now she was worrying about how many ways that was liable to lose her in the future. What if Olympic decided to go to Newmarket? The people there and they wanted a refinery. That they were going to get more than a refinery. *Shane Rale* industries would violate it. The nearest refinery would look like another New Jersey pretty soon. The whole region could be affected, not just Newmarket. What now the townfolk had a perfect *Shane Rale* right to welcome the refinery. Dudley Duffley was worrying that yesterday's victory "may have been a growing backward for local industrialists' jump-out."

And somewhere, wherever he is, Anatole Dougan can watch what he has set in motion continue to keep a whole state jumping with it. *

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."



"It's sort of like aerial surfing. Your 'surfboard' is a sail—attached to the mast by a long line—so it can float free of the mast. But the air currents you ride in the Tobago Cays are wilder than the waves at Mahoe Beach. Almost as soon as Cheryl got onto her perch—a just sent her sailing."



"Cheryl had all the luck that day. Everything started out all right when I took flight. Then, just when I reached peak altitude of 50 feet, the spinnaker collapsed and I was wiped out. Kerpunk! Some devil of a wind had decided that my next destination was the deep blue sea."

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DANNY VILLANUEVA

HOME: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Vice President of Spanish International Broadcasting Network

HOBBIES: Talking with his people, helping with scholarship fund-raising events, organizing sandlot ballgames (he formerly played with the L.A. Rams and Dallas Cowboys).

LAST BOOK READ: "The Ethnic Factor"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Headed a team of newsmen who made history by filming the first scenes of a skyjacking in progress on a plane, which ended without violence.

QUOTE: "Remove 'can't', 'won't' and 'shouldn't' from your vocabulary when they restrict attainment. Persevere if you truly believe your cause is just."

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